

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 13, No. 27 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 10, 1900.

TERMS: Single Copy, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 651

## Things in General.

**S**LOPPING-OVER is a vice to which democratic communities seem specially addicted. The popular hero can only exist where there is public opinion, and public opinion has an unfortunate tendency to set a man who has done something notable or worthy on a high pedestal one day, only to knock him off the next. It is both amusing and pathetic to read the sneers and jests that Admiral Dewey's political aspirations have called forth in scores of United States publications which were deifying the man only last October. Hobson is another "hero" of the Spanish war, who now ranks as an ex-hero in the estimation of nine-tenths of his countrymen, simply because his exploit was magnified beyond reasonable bounds. The process of slopping-over was never carried further than in the case of this amiable youth. The blatherskite press of the Republic made a little tin god of him for a few months, and women esteemed it an honor to have been kissed by a youngster whose private character, for aught they knew, might have been far from clean. The inevitable reaction came, the popular stomach revolted at such gross over-adulation, and now Hobson has fallen back into his legitimate place and proper proportions. It is doubtful if a financially successful tea-meeting could be organized in his honor in any of the cities which a few months ago were ringing with his praises and his smacks. The United States, however, is not the only country where heroes are converted into ex-heroes by the process of slopping-over. When Bul'wer went to the Cape to take charge of the war, every ha'penny sheet in the Empire who'sald miraculous o'ries of his skill and prowess as a soldier. His very boots were made the subject of admiring anecdote. The simple fact is that the man was temporarily deified, and the public was led to expect so much from him that the moment he suffered a reverse the idol fell to the ground with a crash. The same thing happened in the case of half a dozen lesser generals, and had Bob himself chanced to make a single step that would have revealed him to the multitude in the light of a mere man and not a demi-god, even he would have had to pay the penalty for the slopping-over of which he has been made the center. Canada itself is full of ex-heroes, political, municipal, and otherwise, who are the victims of too much popularity. There are men who have been city aldermen, town councillors, or village reeves, who could not now be elected pound-keepers in their respective localities, not because they are less fit than in the heyday of their power, but because they were too much glorified, and more was expected of them than should have been. The lesson seems to be that we should be moderate and reasonable in our praise of public men, even when they seem to deserve all the praise we can bestow. There is nothing that will kill a useful career more surely than the slopping-over process.

**T**HE "Evening Telegram" very properly recalls to the mind of those who have much to say about preferential trade with Great Britain and the popular attitude of to-day in Canada, that D'Alton McCarthy was the man in actual politics who had much to do with producing the present satisfactory condition. It is quite true that the dead are soon forgotten, and that the good which politicians bring about is seldom quoted unless some party triumph is to be furthered thereby or is being celebrated by a torch-light procession, or recalled to memory by the brayings of a brass band. D'Alton McCarthy's independence of character prevented him from being canonized as a saint of either party, and there is no day in the calendar on which we celebrate the good he did for this country. Nevertheless, in the hearts of thoughtful people he is not forgotten, and it seems to me that there should be some permanent means of recalling his political deeds and the place he occupied in front of Canadian opinion. Canada cannot hope to have clean and aggressive independence unless men who fought and left themselves on record, as did D'Alton McCarthy, are held in grateful remembrance. It is to be hoped that the "Telegram," to whom I make my acknowledgments for having been forgetful of a good man, will keep this matter in sight, and that the good deeds of D'Alton McCarthy shall not remain uncommemorated when good men and clean politicians are being mentioned.

**T**HE president of the Board of Trade called me to task for something I said with regard to the ineffectual methods of the great organization of which he is the head. I have now only to refer him to the "World" to indicate that "Saturday Night" is not the only paper which believes that the Board of Trade is an organization of men for their own benefit, and without any particularly patriotic project in view. The building of the railway between Collingwood and Toronto is a good example. Another feature in our railway policy which has engaged the attention of the trade magnates of the city is the building of the James Bay railway. Without any trouble, apparently, the rank and file of both political parties gave those owning the concession another two years, though Toronto really has no time to spare in waiting for the construction of this or some other line. Hon. Dr. Montague and that ilk can very well afford to give Toronto the worst of it, but we do not desire to see Mr. E. F. Clarke, and those who try to defend Toronto's position, bushwhacked in the way they have been in everything in which Toronto is concerned. Surely Toronto, paying as it does such a share of the country's taxation, and maintaining in peace and prosperity so large a population, always willing to devote itself to the nation's welfare, should have better treatment than it receives from either the Provincial Legislature or the Federal Parliament. The people who live hereabouts are getting weary of this continual antagonism to Toronto. Surely we have a right to live and pay our taxes and contribute to everything that is going, without being continually assailed as something which ought to be suppressed, and this taking place, too, with the Board of Trade in full blast!

**O**F course when a Sabbatarian goes to Paris he at once makes application to the Mayor to have the shops, and cafes, and theatres, and music halls, and places of amusement closed during the period of his saintly presence. When Canada arranged to exhibit some of her products at the World's Fair, strange to say it was forgotten that Paris was a wicked city, which let the Seine run through it on Sunday, and was otherwise very lax with regard to keeping people from amusing themselves on the Lord's Day. Now that our exhibit is on the ground, and it is discovered that the fair is actually to be left open for the working people and strangers present in the world's gayest capital to inspect on Sunday, some of our people are making a great howl over it. Weeks ago I ventured to predict that after it was too late to accomplish anything our Sabbatarian brethren would be rending the air with regard to this matter. It appears necessary to the continuance of their organization that this devout band should every once in a while make a terrible attack upon some infraction of the Observance of the Lord's Day. No doubt the association would fall to pieces unless these little whirlwinds were raised. Of course it is quite unimportant to the association that the managers of the World's Fair made a rule at the beginning that all exhibits must

be open to public inspection on Sunday. It is understood that representations made by President McKim through the United States Minister were sufficient for the republic to the south of us to be exempted from this rule—a piece of cheap electioneering business such as our Yankee neighbors always use during a Presidential year. Great Britain, under whose auspices Canada is making an exhibit, made no such arrangement, and it would have been a piece of hypocrisy on her part had she attempted to make a rule for British exhibits in Paris which would be quite in opposition to the conduct of show places in London itself.

Personally, I have no use for world's fairs, or exhibitions, or crowds of any kind—I would rather smoke the pipe of peace at home; but I would certainly not make my personal inclinations the basis of a rule that everybody should stay at home on Sunday and smoke. The workingman of Paris cannot well go to the exhibition, except on Sunday. The exhibition was designed to not only attract crowds to the capital of France, but to give the workmen of France a chance to see what other countries have accomplished. Consequently the rule was made to leave the fair open at a time when these people could inspect the exhibits of other nations. For Canada or the United States, or any country, to dictate, or attempt to dictate, to the managers of the World's Fair as to when the thing should be open or shut, is a piece of impertinence, and just exactly that sort of impertinence of which the Lord's Day Alliance can be relied upon to be guilty. For-

from the pressure of a paper-makers' combination which has put up the price of paper, while job-printers and those who are making books and using a very large quantity of paper would be left at the mercy of the combine? Reducing the price of postage would not relieve the situation of the job-printer; but why under any circumstances should the Government of Canada, or any other civilized or uncivilized country, carry newspapers free of cost? It costs Canada over a million dollars to distribute newspapers in this country. At the present impost of a half a cent a pound postage, something in the neighborhood of \$100,000 is realized, leaving \$500,000 to be paid out of the pockets of people who probably take but one newspaper through the mails, and possibly none at all. This enormous cost is largely inflicted upon the country by probably less than a dozen newspapers which publish huge quantities of manufactured pulp containing advertisements, many of which are not reliable as to the alleged facts set forth, nor profitable to the reader, nor anything but a delusion to those who are led by such advertisements to make purchases. It certainly should not be the business of the Canadian Government to carry these huge advertising sheets from Montreal or Toronto to Halifax and Victoria and all intervening points, free of cost. I measured up the newspapers of Toronto of last Saturday, and the proportion of news matter, information, editorial, etc., such as could be decently grouped under the heading of "literary" stuff, was 411 columns, while the advertising matter in the

taken off, the million it costs now to circulate what is little better than job-printing and medicine advertisements, shortly will be perhaps increased twenty-five to fifty per cent. If anybody can point out to me where the benefit to the reading community will be found in such a procedure, I shall be glad to give a full statement of it a place in these columns.

**T**HE investigation of the city fire brigade seems to have demonstrated that the aldermen, rather than the firemen, have been to blame for disorganizing the whole business and degenerating it into a political machine. Judge McDougall advises that the department should be managed by commissioners, and thus removed from municipal politics. The advice is good, but we were all aware of the necessity of keeping the aldermanic thumb out of the pie before the expense of the investigation was undertaken. Nothing can be well managed by a large and practically irresponsible committee, even if the committee be made up of aldermen. A more or less permanent commission and a consecutive policy are necessary in the management of every public as well as private concern. Toronto would be better managed by a few commissioners than it is by a City Council. When the country was young and our municipal affairs were in a formative condition, it was necessary to have representatives of all sections of the city and all classes of the people in order to get our affairs in working order. Now things have so changed that these numerous representatives are more apt to put things out of order than to govern wisely. There is really so little to do of a representative character that the aldermen get into mischief or else spend their time conspiring to obtain a salary or to obtain positions or emoluments for such of their constituents as are likely to help them retain the aldermanic job. While we are at it, let us have the city managed by a commission, for all the other departments are as likely as the fire brigade to go wrong under the present system. If the system of government by commission is good in one instance, it should be good in all.

**I**F there are five hundred Frenchmen in the army opposing Bul'wer, together with as many Germans and other foreigners, as stated by a captured Dane, there is probably a proportionate number of Europeans with the Boer forces at other points. It is impossible to read of these busybodies who have tangled themselves up in a quarrel not their own, and are helping to shoot down our soldiers, without feeling sore against the Continental peoples who have nursed anti-British prejudice so sedulously that they cannot go too far out of their way to take a shot at the Lion. It may be that Oom Paul's European and Irish battalions are largely made up of adventurers and mercenaries, actuated neither by sympathy nor antipathy, and who would fight as readily for one cause as for another to slake their thirst for excitement or to turn a penny. At the same time we cannot doubt that a hankering to give Britain a body blow, by fair means or foul, is at the back of much of the foreign enlistment for the Transvaal. It is this thought that causes Britishers who have relatives, or friends, or acquaintances within range of their bullets, to feel that these Frenchmen, and Germans, and polyglot nondescripts who have had the impudence to intrude in the quarrel, are running up for their nations a score which Great Britain should require to be wiped out with interest, first time she gets a chance. Without so much interference from outside, the fight would probably have been over long ago. The assistance of so many foreigners and the hope of ultimate intervention by the home Governments of these foreigners, have doubtless done more than anything else to keep up the bloodshed so long.

**T**HE Australian Commonwealth is approaching a definite confederation similar to that of the Dominion of Canada. The Imperial authorities in giving Australasia what in Canada has been the nearest possible approach to complete autonomy, are making certain changes with regard to the final appeal to the Sovereign. Instead of appealing, as heretofore, to the Privy Council, the colonies will probably have, as a court of last resort, an Imperial Council, in which there will be added to the present Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, a judge from Canada, one from Australia, one from India, and one from South Africa. These judges are to have seats in the House of Lords during the seven years of their term, and perhaps for life.

This proposal has already excited considerable discussion, and it is contended that we will, if the present Imperial bill is passed, be out of touch with the democracy of Great Britain, and that the colonies will only have contact with the Mother Country through the House of Lords. It must be remembered that no harm will be done if the colonies have spokesmen in the House of Lords, but that great good should be accomplished by our having some voice in Imperial deliberations. Other representation will follow, and the democracy can be relied upon to rectify the uneven features of the new arrangement. The whole British constitution has grown slowly into its present shape, and may be depended upon to progress in the future as it has done in the past.

One feature of the entire discussion, both in Australia and in Great Britain, should be borne in mind: Reciprocal preferential trade within the Empire has not been considered; and while a political faction in Canada contends that this country should be able to obtain a reciprocal tariff with Great Britain, the politicians of Australasia have not considered the thing possible, and have not raised the issue. But little can be done at each step towards creating a United Empire, and if a tariff and all sorts of conditions were to be lumped into the cost overy, the federation of Australia would doubtless be completely wrecked.

Nevertheless, the pertinacity with which some people are talking about reciprocal preferential trade arrangements with Great Britain is making everyone weary who knows anything about the question. First of all, there is nobody of influence or understanding in Canada who is clamoring for Imperial Federation of a set sort, or a legislative union of the Empire. Those who conjure up dreams of this kind are those who know nothing of the organizations which have existed, and now exist, which have had and are having nothing but a sentimental proposition to offer, and have carefully refrained from making anything but suggestions. The Imperial Federation League, which indirectly encouraged certain propositions for a Zollverein and for the creation of other institutions, such, for instance, as an Imperial Council, was found inoperative and unacceptable, as every scheme will be found which becomes legislatively definite beyond the central idea of Britons all standing together and waiting for the formation of a public opinion which will recognize the necessity of Great Britain doing something as to an Imperial Advisory Council and in a tariff way for her colonies, as the colonies should do something in a tariff way for Great Britain.

The British Empire League, which succeeded the Imperial Federation League, like its predecessor has done a



THE LATE LIEUT. COL. COSBY.

unfortunately this institution, which makes so much noise and which would make it appear that all those outside of its scant membership were in favor of the wide-open Sunday—which is not true, for no one wants such a thing in this country—is merely an association apparently calculated to have no greater influence than the advertisement of the superior purity and devoutness of its officers and adherents.

**T**HE new hotel, which may be or is about to be, shall, will or should be, built, is again being heard from in Toronto. It is pleasant even to hear rumors of this great enterprise, and the discussion at Ottawa over its charter has brought the vague project so near at hand that we can almost smell the cooking going on in its kitchen. Unfortunately the tourists who otherwise might have been with us this summer cannot stay at the new hotel, as it is not finished. One thing, at least, which the projectors owe this city is to either build a hotel or abandon the project to others who may not keep for a generation the tourists, travelling public and patrons of a first-class hostelry as far-away outside boarders. While the dollars to be invested in the enterprise are being examined as to whether they have sprouted, a finer list of names could not be obtained than those already included in the proposed directorate; and though the site is by no means the best one which could be selected, all will be forgiven and the outfit will be welcome to our hearts again if they will only come back to the old spot and do a little more talking or build the tavern.

**O**NE of the most preposterous propositions ever made to a reasonable community was the one emanating from a meeting of alleged publishers which convened last week at the call of somebody who had something to gain by making a representation at Ottawa. The idea was to have the postage of half a cent a pound taken off newspapers, and the argument was to the effect that one paper mill having been destroyed and another injured, the price of paper had gone up. Admitting the truth of this statement, which by no means declares the whole fact, why should those who publish newspapers have a half a cent a pound taken off their postage bill in order to relieve them

same papers of that date was 477 columns. This shows that the greater bulk of the newspapers whose publishers ask that their output shall be carried free, is devoted to advertising. This same advertising matter, if separated from a newspaper, would be charged at the rate of four cents a pound. Why, then, should not the Postmaster-General listen to the hypocritical plea of those who ask that "information" shall be disseminated free of charge, and carry the "literary" product for nothing, but charge for the advertising sections of these papers at the same rate as for printed matter which is issued by the job-printing offices of this country? It will be readily seen that if this rule prevailed, the newspapers would be paying over two cents per pound for their output instead of half a cent as at present. The more the matter is looked into, the more unjust does it appear that any newspaper which is merely a commercial enterprise should be a tax on the whole country, and that the proprietors or publishers who ask for exemptions for their journals which are not given to the Holy Bible or a prayer-book, or anything else, should be listened to because they claim to be moulders of public opinion. If we do not carry bibles through the mail free of charge? Why should the publisher of a newspaper be freed from what appears to be a momentary oppression of the tariff, while the job-printer is left unrelieved? If the authorities at Ottawa wish to set the whole matter straight, they should grant permission to the injured paper mills to import paper free from tariff charges to fill their contracts at the old rates, while at the same time being forbidden to oppress their customers on the plea of damage by fire. This plea is more or less a pretense, for the mills had already raised the price of paper and entered into a combination before the Eddy mills at Hull or the mill in the Laurentides had been touched by fire or smoke.

Outside of all these make-believe movements by publishers who want free postage and are not willing to have the tariff permanently reduced on paper, the essence of the matter is to be found in the question whether the people of this country wish to pay a million dollars a year to circulate free advertising sheets. If newspaper postage is



vast deal to formulate public opinion, but it has been much more careful than the organization which preceded it in refusing to listen to any suggestion of a partisan or geographically factional sort, and has no aim other than the consolidation of British sentiment the world over. Trade propositions made to and by the means of the Imperial Federation League have always fallen absolutely flat. Men like Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, of South Africa and Sir Charles Tupper, in Canada, have always been eager to use these leagues to further their own political purposes, and nothing has been so hard to fight against in the consolidation of British sympathies as the peculiar tactics of reputed colonial leaders who have endeavored to pervert the central organization in arbitrary trade directions. Years ago, with the abandonment of the Imperial Federation League, all this sort of thing was dropped, and any man who conjures with the old name is simply acting as a resurrectionist to bring the most unacceptable features of an organization again into view.

Remembering, then, that every endeavor to organize British opinion the world over has absolutely repudiated trade propositions as a method of organization, we can see at once the futility and impropriety of a man claiming to be a leader of Canadian public opinion, appealing to the people of this country on the basis of some arbitrary reciprocal trade arrangement with the Mother Country. The immense population of Great Britain is not inflexible, but very nearly so. Their trade beliefs are not as ours are, and cannot be moulded to suit our views. This has always been accepted as a rule for the guidance of those who have endeavored in this country to mould, as public opinion has been sentimentally moulded, a pro-British posture. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, perhaps the most advanced man of all British statesmen, has repeatedly said that the only thing which can be hoped for is some trade arrangement having in view free trade between Great Britain and her colonies, and a tariff adapted to the wants of those colonies and Great Britain herself, as opposed to other nations. This arrangement has never been viewed as probable, only as possible. That any arrangement could be made between the colonies and Great Britain having in view reciprocal trade relationship not involving free trade between the various sections of the Empire, has never been suggested in Great Britain, and probably will not be for many years to come. Having this situation in view, which I am willing to affirm is the absolutely correct one, let us look at the prospectus.

Does Canada desire to make a free trade proposition as between itself and Great Britain? I think there is no one in this country that is not of the old school of free traders, who would for a moment suggest the prudence of any such arrangement. We are yet a youthful country, and could not stand competition with the mills, factories and exporting powers of a land which is better trained than any other in the cheap transferment of goods from one locality to another, no matter if many miles of sea intervene. If Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., who has so wantonly attacked the sentimental side of this proposition, affirms that he is willing that this country shall be deluged with free British goods, we shall be glad to know early and definitely that this is his idea of reciprocal trade. If his strange declarations in various parts of the country—no one, apparently, being expected to hear that he has differed from himself—do not mean this, they cannot possibly mean anything, except the garbages of a man who is talking about things which cannot happen, at least until his grandchildren are old men. We can have free trade with the Empire and with the world, of course, by abandoning our system of custom houses, but that no one proposes, except it be the meaning of Sir Charles' proposition, which has no other meaning if it be not that.

The cartoon on this page suggests the idea which the present Canadian Administration appears to be carrying out to the best of its ability, the placing of a tariff around Canada which shall have the greatest possible resistance at points at which is presented the greatest possible force, and the least necessary resistance to that country which is least objectionable, and whose trade waves have the least destructive or disturbing force. It is said by the ultra Protectionist political faction, not that our lowering of our tariff wall has made goods cheaper in Canada or our factories less productive and profitable, but that the lowering of this wall has not reduced the tariff at all. If this be true, the Government has been very successful in permitting competition to come in and keep down what might be the trust prices which otherwise might have been organized, while admitting British goods at a third of the tariff rate which is put up against other nations. It seems to me that there could not possibly be a better method of administration than to keep prices properly adjusted in Canada by so admitting the goods of a favored nation, particularly as that nation is our Mother Country. As this can be done, and I believe it is being done to a great extent in Canada by reducing the tariff to Great Britain, we are having the benefit of a low tariff as opposed to our friends, while having the benefit of a reasonably high tariff as opposed to those who would swamp us. It seems to me that statesmanship could not go further than has been gone, or be more comprehensive in its outlook than the Canadian Government has been in its comprehension of the whole situation. If we have a low tariff and the benefit of it, as consumers, with regard to a country which cannot flood us with materials which we make after a fashion and style to please ourselves, and still retain a tariff which will prevent such goods of our own fashion and style from being pitchforked upon us by our neighbors, we have got as nearly a model tariff as could be had.

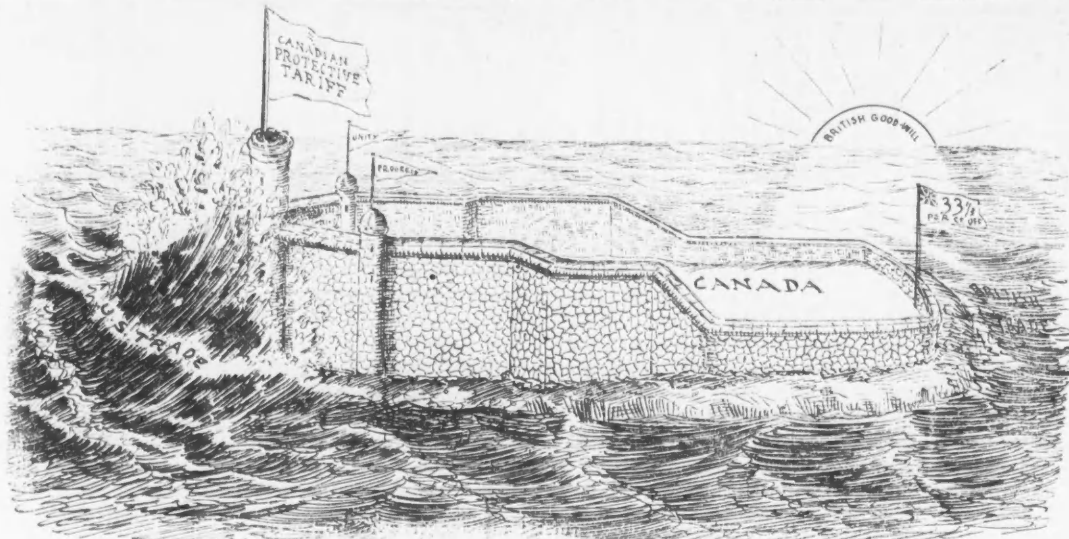
As a Protectionist, neither I nor those who believe with me, are favorable to a destruction of our whole tariff system by going into a Zollverein with Great Britain to the ruin of Canadian factories. We have obtained as near free trade as is practicable, and we have got as near a high protective tariff against the United States and others as will benefit this country, and we can well afford to rest at this point.

The re-introduction of the tariff into our politics would be a disastrous thing. It would unsettle the whole business. If Sir Charles Tupper's idea means anything but talk and is to prevail, we must have free trade between the colonies and Great Britain, or nothing. This we cannot possibly admit as an element in the establishment of Canada as a country which should do, and is doing, to a large extent, her own manufacturing. We cannot admit for a moment that any reciprocal advantage which Great Britain offers us, except in breadstuffs and live stock, can influence our prosperity. In breadstuffs we already have free admittance; in live stock our cattle are admitted on better terms than those of the United States and Argentina. The admittance of cattle to be slaughtered on foot or fed in Great Britain is a matter of good-will, not of tariff. We can obtain the good-will, and are obtaining the good-will, under our present system. Rules forcing the immediate slaughter of cattle when they land, of course would reduce the value of Canadian shipments, as they have been injured before now. We have obtained, and can retain, advantages in this matter by doing the decent thing to Great Britain, which does not injure us. This sort of good-will is all we can hope for for a long time to come in our trade arrangements. Let us take care of this branch of our business, and not insist upon an immediate repayment which, under the British system of taxation, would not be approved by the British masses.

#### Social and Personal.

**H**IS EXCELLENCY LORD MINTO and Lady Minto arrive in town on May 23rd, to attend the May Meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. Their party will not be large, and they will take up their residence in the apartments of the Speaker in the Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park.

The much-lamented death of Lieutenant-Colonel Cosby took place on the evening of May 12 at his residence, Maplehurst, his family and his wife's sisters being present



#### CANADA'S PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

A High Wall against Yankee Inundation with Easy Access for our British Friends

at the sad hour. Col. Cosby was the second colonel of the 48th Highlanders, having succeeded Colonel J. I. Davidson a couple of years or so ago. It is a twice told tale to recount the bright social qualities, the public spirit and the many noble traits of this esteemed gentleman. A fine, progressive and successful man of affairs, a courteous and generous man of the world, a devoted and loving father to his young family, and a cordial host in his own cheery home. Mrs. Cosby, whose married life has been so happy and harmonious, has lost a cherished husband; many a man and woman among us has lost a true and helpful friend, and sorrow and sympathy go hand in hand, even to the other side of the world, where the two elder sons of the late colonel are fighting for the Empire. Col. Cosby's funeral took place on Tuesday at St. James' cemetery. The floral tributes were superb.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson sail for Canada to-day. Mr. B. B. Cronyn came back from England last week.

The Races will be next week's great interest. As usual, the horse and the gown will divide attention, and there is a more swagger lot of frocks this year on hand, both for visitors to town and for residents, than usual. One hundred and fifty workwomen are going desperately at Stitt's workrooms to finish gowns for the Races. 'Twould be very unfair to tell any more before the wearers have a chance to impress us becomingly. I hear that a lot of visitors from the East are coming.

Nordica, Queen of Song, was welcomed by one of the most fashionable auditors, a Miss V. Hall has seen for many moons. The diva was radiant in a red robe, a vivid red, with brocade designs and deep fringe, and girdle of red crepe. About her full, white neck was knotted a rope of pearls, which hung in a deep loop, and was framed by the singer as she sang, the pearls gliding between her fingers as the lovely notes swelled and burst from her parted lips, lips sweetly and gracefully curved, but more often serious than smiling. Nor was it with that gallant bearing and head thrown back, a perfect woman and a perfect artist, carries the heart of Toronto in the hollow of her hand. Here and there in the audience her eye would catch the smile of a friend, and her face would respond in a delighted brightness; she was brought back so often that I did not count the recalls, for one does not know when to stop asking for a good thing of which one cannot have too much.

On Thursday of last week, Mrs. Heighington, of Isabella street, gave a reception in honor of her sister and brother-in-law. The guests of honor were Rev. G. D. Kerry and Mrs. Kerry, of Calcutta, who have come to America to attend as delegates a religious convention in New York.

A quiet wedding took place in Ottawa on Tuesday of last week, when Rev. Frank Ritchie was married to Miss Kane, a New York belle. Mr. Ritchie is a son of Lady Ritchie, and his sister was visiting Mrs. John Cawthra a week or two ago. The Bishop of Ottawa performed the marriage ceremony, and Miss Kane was the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton.

Mrs. Morang, of The Elms, Beverly street, gave a tea on Thursday to some friends, to meet Mrs. Peard.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Chadwick, of Lanmar, gave a very jolly informal tea to a number of ladies, who were glad to again meet her guest, Mrs. Tisdale. Miss Chadwick presided at a pretty refreshment table, and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick poured tea. Mrs. Chadwick wore a very delicate pale green silk gown, lightly trimmed with black. Miss Chadwick was in lettuce green and white, and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick in black with white chiffon guimpes touched with rose. Among the ladies enjoying the excellent tea and fresh air for the day was Miss June, were Mrs. and Miss McDonnell, Mrs. Bann, Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Miss Lizars, Mrs. Skae, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Lizars, Mrs. Skae, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Baines, Miss Coventon, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. James Robertson, Miss Robertson, and quite a number of others. Mrs. Tisdale returned to Orillia on Wednesday.

To-morrow, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. George Broughall will receive his names at St. Stephen's church. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the grandparents of the wee man, are, by the way, again settled at 96 St. George street.

Lieutenant King, of Kingsville, who has been ill in hospital, returned this week to the front. Lieutenant Stuart Wilkie is doing well in London, and his friends await further good news from him. Miss Marion Wilkie may join him in England later on, should his recovery be retarded.

The storks called on Mr. and Mrs. James Grayson Smith on Tuesday evening, and left a bouncing baby boy. Grandpa and Grandma Chadwick are receiving many congratulations on the arrival of a grandson to Lanmar.

Mr. Alan Sullivan arrived from England on Thursday. Mrs. Jarvis, of St. Louis, left for home this week, despite many tempting inducements to remain longer with her people here. Even Race week and all its attendant jollifications could not prevail. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis are coming back with their charming daughters to Toronto. They will take a house on the Island for the summer. Mrs. Rudyard Boulton, of Moncton, N.B., is a welcome visitor to her husband's people in St. Vincent street.

Many Toronto people will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Barker, wife of Lieutenant-General Digby Barker, the Governor of Bermuda, as Mrs. Barker has been most kind to visitors from the Dominion. Mrs. Barker died after a short illness, from pneumonia.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong have returned from their wedding tour in Europe, and are for the present stopping with Dr. Armstrong, North Toronto. I hear Captain Armstrong has taken Mr. Fred Somerville's

bijou house in Maple avenue, and that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Somerville will take apartments for the summer. Mrs. Armstrong will receive in June, and will be the second lovely little bride to hold post-nuptial receptions in this pretty home in a year.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, and Miss Dawson arrived in New York on Thursday. Professor Goldwin Smith came home some time ago, to the Grange, which has its best spring green on this month. The professor is very well and cheerfully pro-Boer, but let us hope not enough so to impede that little jaunt to Pretoria which Lord Roberts has begun.

Mr. Herbert Eckford, of Alberta, and Miss Christina Hendrie, of The Holmstead, are to be married next month. Major Eckford, father of the bridegroom-elect, is now on a visit to the bride-elect's people in Hamilton, and will remain for the wedding. Miss Anne Hendrie is at present on the Continent.

Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoffer and Miss Kirchhoffer will be the guests of His Honor Judge McDougall and Mrs. McDougall, of Carlton Lodge, during Race week.

Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson have gone to California. The Minister needs a recuperative holiday, after a hard winter's work.

Probate of the will of the late Miss Michie, of Westholme, has been had, and her devoted niece, Mrs. Herbert Mowat (nee Skeaff) becomes heiress thereby to over thirty thousand dollars.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Jack Counsell and his brother Ronald and sister Marion, so well known and liked in Toronto society, upon the sudden death of their father, Mr. C. M. Counsell, of Hamilton, which took place in St. Catharines a few days ago. The late Mr. Counsell was a brother of Mrs. Edward Martin and Mrs. McGivern, of Hamilton.

Miss Mary Elwood is home, after a delightful visit to friends in the Quaker City and Baltimore; one of her hostesses, Mrs. Conrad Meron, and Mr. Meron, sailed last week for the Continent. Mrs. Dugald MacMurchy and Miss Ethel Hoyle are two Toronto ladies who will next week be at Clifton Springs. Mrs. J. Forbes Michie has been quite ill this week. Her exertion to attend the Horse Show and the wedding at Westholme proved beyond her strength, and she has been laid up ever since. Miss Mabel Lee's bright presence has been also missed at some of the functions, but she is now out again and quite better, ready to enjoy the most delightful of our late season festivities, the May Meeting, next week.

On Saturday afternoon, the North-West monument was decorated by the Batoche Column and their comrades, in the presence of an interested and enthusiastic crowd of friends. After the ceremony and speeches, various teas gathered the spectators here and there, a large one given by Mrs. Creelman for the young comrades of her student son, Mr. Jack Creelman, U.C.C., being very bright and enjoyable. The U.C.C. Cadet Corps, which assisted in the decoration, and the bright young ladies from Miss Veals' school, were at this pleasant tea. A few friends of the hostess were a congenial group of ladies and gentlemen, and the hospitable home, with its cosy corners, conservatory and veranda, overflowed with young guests, shy or saucy, and made a jolly rendezvous on Decoration Day. By the way, the date of the big Decoration Day is to be set a trifle earlier than its usual date in June, I am told.

On Friday afternoon, May 11th, Mrs. Walter Andrews, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Smithett, received a smart company of ladies at the tea-hour at "Whispers," her home in far Rosedale. While never attempting a crush, Mrs. Andrews always achieves a success with her teas and little dinners, and must by this time be a bit "blase" of hearing the constant words of pleasure in the artistic beauty of her charming house, which is the first and last thing most of her guests utter. "Whispers" grows in beauty without, as its trees and lawn take on their warm-weather coloring, and within, as its clever and "connoisseur" mistress adds pretty things to its embellishment. There has never been anything one could add to her hearty welcome and constant care for the pleasure of the friends she entertains "en menage," rather than "en menagerie," as a clever writer expressed it.

Mrs. Percy Beatty gave a very smart and enjoyable tea on Wednesday, at which her mother, Mrs. Wood, and sister, Miss Lottie Wood, assisted. Some pretty young maidens also were in the tea-room, or rather all over the place, for the guests were sensible enough to remain largely in the roomy drawing-room, where they were daintily served with ice cream and other dainties by Miss Jeanie Wallbridge and Miss Gyp Armstrong. Miss Temple poured tea, and the gallant little son of the house did his part in waiting on the ladies. The tea-table was done with a pyramid of lovely pink roses. Among Mrs. Beatty's guests were Lady Thompson, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Harry Wright, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. Cowan of Oshawa, Mrs. Jarvis of St. Louis, Mrs. and Miss McDonnell, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick of Lanmar, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Robert Grant, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Hees, Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. Broughall.

Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton gave a little theater party on Monday evening, to see Langtry at the Grand. The party included Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre, Mrs. McAllister of Peterboro', Mr. Chas. McGill, and Mr. Campbell, after which a very dainty supper was partaken of in the Speaker's apartments at Parliament Buildings. Mrs. Stratton returned to Peterboro' the following morning (Tuesday), but intends coming back to Toronto for the Races next week.



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### Social and Personal.

Some time ago Miss Winnifred Palin left for New York to take up the profession of nursing, and last week her sister, Miss Ethel Palin, went to join her, and devote herself to the same work. Miss Ethel Palin has a great deal of artistic talent, and many of her amateur artist friends grudge her to the nursing sisterhood. Miss Palin received the first prize at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago for animal painting by women artists, her splendid picture of a dog being well deserving of the award as mentioned.

Mr. Walter Denison, lately of the R. M. C. Kingston, where his course was interrupted by a long and serious illness, is now taking a course at Stanley Barracks, I presume with the intention of qualifying for a commission in the Royal Guards, of which his father is the Colonel.

Mrs. Marks (nee Stanton) now of Winnipeg, is always a welcome visitor, and is spending some time with her mother in town. Mrs. Marks is looking very well and handsome, and has many a good word to say for Winnipeg.

The performance of Torquil, the Scandinavian opera, or cantata, or whatever you choose to call it, is likely to be a brilliant success next week. The Ladies' Branch of the Red Cross Fund and their friends naturally take a great interest in it, as the surplus over expenses goes to their pet proteges, the soldiers at the front. Massey Hall should be well filled, even if the attraction lacked the merit and interest of Torquil.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brook celebrated their silver wedding yesterday by an afternoon and evening reception. The invitations were daintily engraved in silver, and the friends of the couple heartily wish they may one day receive like pleasant notification in gold.

Lady Johnson, of Montreal, sister of Mrs. Boomer, of London, relict of the late Dean Boomer, has been in town, the guest of Mrs. Newman, of Markham street.

On Thursday afternoon the Soldiers' Wives' League were to have given a tea at the Armories, but the affair was postponed, owing, I hear, to Colonel Cosby's death. In any case, it would have clashed with the reception arranged in honor of Col. and Mrs. Peters at Stanley Barracks on that afternoon.

Miss Clara Butt will shortly have to be congratulated on her marriage to Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the baritone. The newspaper paragraphists have frequently given away in marriage this popular contralto, to the great amusement of Miss Butt herself, to whom such rumors were for the most part news indeed. A year or two ago Miss Butt and Mr. Ben Davies laughingly exchanged photographs. Mr. Davies writing at the foot of his portrait, "From the broadest of his sex to the longest of her kind." Upon this one imaginative writer leapt to the conclusion that the two were about to be married, entirely forgetting the just cause or impediment which exists in the fact that Mr. Ben Davies is already a very happily married man. The wedding of Miss Butt and Mr. Rumford will, as I understand, take place at the end of June, after her engagement at the Handel Festival.

Miss Patterson, sister of Mr. Harry Patterson, of Brunswick avenue, whose arduous missionary work in Japan has told upon her health, has been recuperating in Los Angeles, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Winstanley. She is expected in Toronto to spend the summer.

Canon Carmichael, of St. George's, Montreal, has been on a visit to his son, Mr. Fred, Carmichael, in the city. The Canon came up for rest and change, and did not take duty on Sunday.

Mrs. L. Bell announces the marriage of her daughter, Ada, to Mr. Chas. R. McWilliams, of Boston, Mass.

The many friends of Mrs. F. E. Mutton, of Metcalfe street, will regret to learn of her serious accident last Sunday while out driving with her husband.

Major Drummond, who may become the G. O. C. of the Canadian Militia, is a son of the sixth Viscount Strathallan, and Mrs. Drummond, who is to visit Toronto next week, was a Miss Antrobus, a daughter of the senior partner in the banking house of Coutts & Co.

The Governor-General and Lady Minto gave a garden party yesterday (May 18th), at which several Toronto persons were guests. The State Ball, I hear, will be given in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Pringle are to spend the summer in Cobourg. They left last week for that pretty spot.

Mr. and Mrs. Monk and their family left last week for their summer home near Ottawa.

Mr. Bernard K. Sandwill, B. A., an old 'Varsity boy of the class of '97, is to take charge of Hamilton's new morning paper as managing editor.

Mrs. Walkinshaw W. Anderson left on the 10th inst. per C.P.R. and steamer Athabasca from Owen Sound, on a visit to the "Soo" and Duluth.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth avenue, New York city, recently, when Miss Sybil Margaret Toms, the only daughter of the late Judge Toms, of Goderich, Ontario, was married to Mr. William Franklin Hartenstine, of New York city. Rev. Parker Morgan, D. D., performed the ceremony. Only the immediate rela-

tives and friends were present at the ceremony. The bride looked charming in a travelling gown of goblin blue, with a dainty hat of old rose, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. Hartenstine is a graduate of the Metropolitan College of Music and is prominent in musical circles. After dejeuner served at Delmonico's the happy couple left for the South, where they will spend a few weeks prior to an extended trip to Europe and a visit to the Paris Exposition.

Miss Carrie Chaplin, of St. Catharines, and Miss Ada Allan, of 496 Sherbourne street, sailed last Saturday by S.S. Parisian for a stay of several months on the Continent. They will join Misses Charlotte and Hattie Chaplin in Paris.

Mrs. John W. Kerr (nee Allen) received on Wednesday and Thursday at 90 Scarth road, Rosedale.

Rev. R. H. Gilmour, B. A., of Belfast has been the guest of Mr. R. J. Harvey, 98 Beverley street.

Mrs. R. O. West of 74 Homewood avenue, with her sons, Gordon and Bruce, will spend the next fortnight or three weeks at the home of her parents, 176 Sherbourne street, after which they rusticate at Jackson's Point for the summer.

Mr. Awdry Hoskins left last Saturday week for New York, where he will reside for the future, having accepted a position in a large firm there. Mr. Hoskins has a brother in South Africa, and until his return Miss Trixie Hoskins will continue to reside in Murray street at the family home. Mr. Hoskins will be very much missed by many warm friends, who think a lot of him and regret his departure.

A correspondent writes that at the meeting of the Ladies' Branch of the Red Cross Committee on Tuesday week, it was resolved that a most hearty vote of thanks be tendered to the many ladies who so kindly assisted in raising the splendid sum of \$718

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for this committee by the sale of refreshments and flowers during the Horse Show.

Mrs. Charles Hawdon Crowley, who has been for some time in Quebec, returned to Toronto last week, and will be for a fortnight at 383 Markham street, where friends will be glad to welcome her back even for so flying a visit.

Mrs. Allan Cassels and her sister, Miss Audrey Allan, of Moss Park, are going to England shortly. Lady Gzowski sailed on Monday from Montreal by S.S. Dominion to pay a summer visit to her daughters, those charming women—Mrs. Sandham and Mrs. Turner—in England. Mrs. Mortimer Clark is taking a treatment for rheumatism at Hot Springs. Everyone afflicted with this tiresome and painful disease has suffered unusually this spring, the chilly winds and delayed warmth being most trying to them.

Mrs. Frank Baker of Spadina avenue has sailed for England, where she will spend the summer with her relatives.

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to  
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## REMINDED

By J. M. LOES.

THEY had been married quite two months when Jim came to see me. Of course I don't count the call he made with Mrs. Jim, when they both entertained me with an account of their honeymoon trip.

This was a Sunday afternoon when he dropped in by himself, just as he used to do when he was an unattached bachelor, and thought me rather a good-looking girl. He began by asking me why I didn't go off to their house.

"Off to their house?" I repeated. "Why, I took lunch with Mrs. Jim twice last week."

"But I was out," he said; "I don't call that coming to see us."

"Oh, don't you? I thought you two people were one."

"Of course we are, and that's the reason that when one half of us is grinning at the office, it doesn't want the other half to have all the fun to herself."

"That's the first time I've heard myself described as fun," I remarked.

"Oh, no, it isn't," contradicted Jim. "Oh, just as you like," I said; "it didn't seem worth while to argue the matter out. The fact is you weren't in reality absent at all. Birdie did nothing but sound your praises."

Jim beamed with gratified vanity, and I regretted having told him, for his wife bids fair to utterly ruin him. However, he had the grace to say, "I'm afraid that must have been rather a dull topic, for you."

"I made every allowance for a bride's enthusiasm."

Jim looked a little annoyed. "Cynical, as usual," he answered. "I suppose you mean to insinuate that sort of thing won't last?"

"I hope not," I laughed. "That is, I hastened to add, 'if Birdie intends to go on giving me invitations to lunch with her,' and Jim laughed too—we always understood each other."

"Don't accept any more, then. Come and dine with us, instead. I'll walk home with you afterwards."

"Oh, I'd be afraid of being de trop."

"De trop? What nonsense! Birdie will be delighted. Your coming will be a nice little break—I mean addition, to our evenings."

I generously didn't take any advantage of Jim's slip, although it was something of a change to have him suggest my being "a break" when in days gone by he had so often assured me that an evening without my presence was a desert.

"You mean, I suppose, that you would regard me something like a dish of salted almonds, to sharpen your taste for the sweets?"

"One does find a little tartness, now and then, pleasant," he admitted.

"You mean you need it. Very well, I'll give Birdie a hint."

"I wouldn't, if I were you, Maud. Leave a woman alone for finding out that sort of thing, but I wanted to ask your advice about something."

"I gave up keeping any for you quite three months ago."

"Then your opinion will be worth all the more. You aren't going back on an old friend, I know. I've always felt I could depend on getting a candid answer from you."

"But," I objected, "you're a married man now, and shouldn't want that sort of thing."

"You're mistaken, it's just because I am a married man that I do want it."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Perhaps you'll think it rather idiotic."

"Well, it's about Birdie," he stammered. "She—"

"Don't tell me she's a bad housekeeper. She gave me a most dainty luncheon the other day."

"Who's talking of housekeeping? I hope you don't imagine that I care for nothing but my meals?"

"You used to enjoy them."

"I do still. Birdie takes care of that, and, by the way, now that you've brought up the subject, you might give her your recipe for oyster soup—but to go back to where we began."

"Where was that?" I asked, rather curious to see what sort of a memory Jim had.

"Birdie," he answered.

"No, Jim, that was where we ended."

"Well, no matter. I want to go on with her. It's something about her dress."

"Her dress?" I said.

"Her trousseau's lovely," I said. "It was quite worth getting married for."

The stupid fellow looked pleased. Just as if any girl wouldn't have got good clothes with all the money she had. "I don't know much about millinery, of course, but I do think her things are very fit," he said.

"You'll know more after a while."

"I suppose so; but have you ever seen that rose silk of hers?"

"Yes; it's by far the prettiest gown she has."

"Oh, you think so, too? In that case I needn't go on."

"Why not?"

He had such a worried look, I wondered how in the world it could be caused by his wife's gown. I knew it couldn't be the bill. I thought perhaps he had upset a cup of coffee over it. Jim was always a little awkward. "You never put your foot through the lace flounce?" I hastily asked.

"No," he answered, slowly—he showed a decent hesitation in explaining himself. "You understand, Maud, that you are the only person I would speak to on the subject; anyone else might think me such an awful ass but—"

"I know you so well, Jim," I said, "go on."

"Birdie, you know, wore it once before we were married."

"Yes, I remember, at the Browns' dinner-party. Everybody thought it becoming."

"That's just it; nobody could help thinking so. In fact, it was too much

in the least surprised at his question. "There! I told you so," I said triumphantly.

"Told me so? Told me what?"

"I laughed aggravatingly. "Why, that."

"A woman's gown with flounce or frill is a simple garment to him."

"Do explain yourself, Maud," he insisted.

"If you had a memory that was worth anything at all, Jim, you'd never ask for an explanation; it would be burnt into your memory—that is, if you were in the least like Birdie."

Then he started to think hard. Jim doesn't often do that, and he got rather red over the effort. As he began to recollect, the puzzled look on his face gave way to a nonplussed, shambling one.

"By Jove, Maud!" he exclaimed. "I believe I do understand you. Your pink dress. You don't mean that stunning affair you wore the winter before last?"

"Last winter," I corrected.

"The one with all the fol-lols on the shoulders?"

"I've had the sleeves altered to suit the fashion," I admitted, deprecatingly.

"And you mean the same dress that English fellow had the impudence to say went so well with your dark hair, and my roses? And—I got so mad, and made a fool of myself. I mean I lost my head, and—"

"I kept mine," I said.

"Yes, jolly lucky for both of us."

We both laughed.

"Your memory's improving, Jim."

"You always get the better of me," was all he said.

"But I'm not sure I shall have any roses for Birdie's dinner-party," I said.

"Oh, yes, you will."

"Perhaps it would be better not."

"Nonsense," said Jim. "Nothing could suit my purpose better. I'll make a point of not forgetting them, and to make sure of it, I thrust his hand in his pocket and produced a note-book and pencil."

"They were pink, not crimson, roses, weren't they, Maud?"

I nodded, and he scribbled something down with great cheerfulness.

"Thanks," he said. After I had given him some tea and bread and butter, "I really must be going," he remarked.

"When shall I call on Birdie?" I asked.

"Oh, never mind bothering about it, Maud, I'll speak to her myself."

"But you told me she wouldn't listen to your advice about the rose silk."

Jim gave me a confidential, brotherly look, and picked up his hat.

"You hadn't reminded me about that pink gown of yours, then, Maud."

"Reminded you!" I repeated. "Do you mean to say you really had forgotten it?"

But Jim had gone.

### Unreasonable.

M. R. JEROME A. HART, who is writing a descriptive account of a trip to the Mediterranean for the San Francisco "Argonaut," relates the following:

When we were passing San Remo a semi-seasick woman in the green and blue stages of recovery was brought up on deck by an enthusiastic husband to gaze at the beautiful shore-line. Her first question was:

"Where is Monte Carlo?"

Her husband's countenance fell, and he was forced to admit that it was many miles astern.

"Then why didn't you tell me when we were passing it?" demanded the lady, rather tartly.

"You were asleep, my dear, and I did not want to wake you so early," replied the husband, in a propitiatory tone.

"And did you wake me up to see this?" demanded the lady in withering tones, waving her hand at the prospect before her—a bird's-eye view of blue sea and rugged coast-line, with a line of snow-white breakers at its base, with cliffs crowned with castles and villas and gardens, and behind them Alps rising on Alps to the snow-line.

"Did you bring me on Monte Carlo?" I wanted to see Monte Carlo. And with that she turned and went below.

A clear, calm, logical frame of mind is not to be looked for in a semi-seasick lady, but I think that this one should be sentenced to hard living for life at Kankakee.

### Looted Her Corsets.

Frederic Villiers thus describes an amusing incident of the war in Africa that has not yet found much publicity. "One of the most imposing sights of the campaign was the march of our gallant London heroes known as the C.I.V. with Cronje to Modder River. In a quaint cart covered with khaki and pulled by four artillery horses, Cronje, his wife, secretary, and grandson, made their last march across their native veldt for many a month—perhaps years. On arriving at Modder River Station, General Douglas met the distinguished prisoners, and Cronje introduced his wife, a meek little lady looking rather bedraggled in a black silk dress covered with dust. I noticed that her figure appeared rather unshapely; this was accounted for on my return to Paardeberg, when a young officer, greatly excited, rushed up to me and said: 'Villiers, Villiers! I have the most interesting loot in camp! What is it?' said I. Holding a mysterious scroll aloft, he cried, 'Why, Mrs. Cronje's corsets!'

The heavy guns were trained. 'Why this delay?' thundered the general. 'The moving-picture operators have signalled that their machine is out of order,' elucidated the colonel. 'Then the battle is called off! Order our forces to spend the rest of the day washing their shirts.'—Chicago "Daily News."

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## Have Girls Lost Health?

Has Nineteenth Century Life Lowered Their Vitality and Wasted Their Nerve Power?—The Remarkable Restorative Worth of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What girl or woman of to-day can boast the health, vitality and bodily vigor of her grandmother? In spite of the remarkable improvement in sanitary conditions, the attention paid to pure food and the wonderful advance of medical science, the fact remains that the majority of women and girls are suffering from the modern malady—nerves.

From the working girl, worn out by standing long hours behind the counter, by close confinement in ill-ventilated rooms, by the nerve-racking work of machinery, or by toll too arduous for her delicate body to withstand, to the lady of education, refinement and social standing whose nerve power is exhausted by late hours, loss of sleep and foods not suited for nourishment of the blood and nerves, all alike suffer from nervous disorders and irregularities which make life hard to endure.

From nerve and brain exhaustion, headache and nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, irritability and nervousness, the way to paralysis, nervous prostration and insanity is short, and the return to health next to impossible.

But science has ever kept pace with civilization, and while the life of the present day is productive of nervous troubles, which cause pain, misery and death, there is hope for all in the great restorative of exhausted nerves and worn-out bodies—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is no stronger proof of the remedial and restorative value of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food than in that it increases weight, rounds out the wasted form and returns the color to the cheeks. It is not a stimulant nor opiate, but a blood-forming, body-building restorative of unapproachable worth.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is acknowledged by physicians to be wonderfully effective as a blood builder and nerve restorative. Hundreds of doctors recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to their patients as the greatest system builder and revitalizer that can possibly be obtained; 50 cents a box, sold everywhere. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### Duelling in France.

THERE is a sort of official recognition of the duello in one of the recent regulations of the French War Minister, the Marquis de Gallifet, who issued some time ago an order to the various commanders, directing them to see to it that all officers and non-commissioned officers should practice in the use of the pistol and the sword. The Minister expressed his surprise to learn that this exercise had fallen into almost complete desuetude of recent years. This is taken as a hint that the head of the army would like to see the French soldiery as fierce in duelling as the German officers.

For among them a man who has not been "out" at least once, holds a very hard place among his comrades. But the German begins his practice early, for the student corps of the various universities exist almost exclusively for the purpose of fighting with heavy cut-throat swords; and you rarely meet a German university man who has not a scar on his forehead to attest his prowess at the school. In the French universities, on the other hand, duelling is unknown. Even the army has fallen so much out of the habit that whenever encounters take place between the civilian and the soldier, it is generally the soldier who is discomfited. Nothing did so much to destroy the prestige of Boulanger in the heyday of his popularity as the thrust he received in the neck from the statesman in spectacles, Spuler. He was made almost as ridiculous as one of Louis Philippe's courtiers, who challenged Sainte Beuve, the great litterateur, and had to fight him with an umbrella over his head. On the officer's seconds remonstrating with the critic against the umbrella, he replied, placidly: "I don't mind being killed, but I do object to getting wet!" Gallifet himself has had the mortification of being wounded in encounters with civilians, and his order compelling closer attention to sword practice is doubtless based upon his knowledge of the inefficiency of his brother officers in the use of lethal weapons.

### The Big-Footed East.

The girls of the West owe Miss Anna Barr, of the physical training department of the University of Nebraska, and Professor Seaver, of Yale College, a debt of gratitude which might well take the form of some enduring testimonial. Miss Barr recently completed a record of anthropometric measurements, which includes investigations of 1,500 girls in Nebraska. This record was sent to Professor Seaver, of Yale, and was used in a recent paper read by him before the Anthropometric Society of New Haven.

Comparing the Western with similar measurements made in the East in a like number of cases, Professor Seaver is compelled to admit that "girls from the East are flatter chested, flatter headed, lesser in lung capacity, and bigger footed than the Western girls."

He finds also that the Western girls have a much larger lung capacity, as they have much larger chest girths, and this item alone would indicate a higher type of physical ability and a previous life of greater activity than is found in the East."

"While it is gratifying," says a Chicago paper, "to know that the Western girls are not so flat chested and flat headed as the Eastern, the most satisfactory result of these comparative measurements is the official announcement that the Western girls' feet are not so big as those of the Eastern girls. Hitherto the Western girl's foot has been the object of invidious comment by Eastern paragraphs, and

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the butt of satire of Eastern caricaturists, and as up to the present time there has been no comparative scientific investigation of pedal extremities the Western girls have suffered from these unjust aspersions. That, however, is over. The unerring deductions of exact science prove not only that the Eastern girl has a flatter chest and a flatter head, but a bigger foot than the Western girl. It has always been known that the Western girl is handsomer than the Eastern; now we know she is more shapely. Science cannot lie."

### Inspiring Poetry.

St. George's Day set some of our minor poets singing like a house on fire (so to say). In the "St. James's Gazette," Mr. Harold Boulton celebrated The Rose of England in immortal lines like these:

Come sing the song of England's rose  
In loyal roundelay,  
And wear the crest on brow and breast  
To grace St. George's Day.

This beauteous rose our fathers' blades  
Have blazoned near and far,  
And damask cheeks of English maids  
Her only rivals are.

Since merry England had a name  
The badge was hers and ours,  
An emblem of undying fame,  
A flower above all flowers.

REFRAIN.  
The shamrock, thistle, and leek  
Companion staunch have found her,  
And England's rose more glorious grows  
With these three clustered round her;

From pole to pole, from sea to sea,  
Neath every breeze that blows,  
Tis Beauty's boast, 'tis Valor's toast,  
"St. George and England's rose."

And not to be behindhand in good works, L. A. C. warbled for the "Westminster Gazette" thus:

Wear roses, wear roses,  
Wear red ones again,  
And take for their blinding  
The Lion's dun mane.

For there's no age like the present,  
There's no land like our own—  
St. George for Merrie England!  
St. George for Queen and throne!

In view of the fact that St. George's Day was also the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, outbursts of the kind, remarks the "Outlook," quoted, tend to make one indulge in thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.

### Nelson News.

Live Ontario Village Where Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Valued.

Mrs. R. Fitzsimmons About Again—Thanks Dodd's Kidney Pills for It—Used About Two Boxes and Health Now Perfect.

Nelson, Ont., May 14.—Friends of Mrs. R. Fitzsimmons, of this place, will be pleased to learn that she is about again. As is well known in this district, Mrs. Fitzsimmons has been more or less of an invalid for the greater part of the last twelve months. She is now, however, in robust health and thanks Dodd's Kidney Pills for it.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons, her friends will remember, was not at first aware of the cause of her ailment. Kidney Disease attacks its victims in so many forms and so gradually that its presence goes generally undetected, until its ravages have affected some other vital organ. Then the malady is called Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Bladder Complaint, Dropsy, Women's Weakness, Paralysis, or some other one of those many forms of diseased kidneys.

Such, no doubt, was the danger into which Mrs. Fitzsimmons was running when arrested by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She complained of a pain in the side. She grew so weak that she was, as she herself states, almost unable to walk. She took various medicines, never dreaming, of course, that Kidney Disease was the cause of her trouble. When the truth did occur to her, she at once had recourse to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is she is now in perfect health.

### No Cigarette Fiends There!

The genius dude is likely to stand no chance of development in Japan. So far as smoking is concerned, at any rate, he is to be sternly suppressed. From this month a law comes into operation to prevent all smoking by

persons under twenty years of age. The police have the right to forcibly prevent an infraction of this remarkable new law. But it does not stop there. Fines are provided not only for the smokers, but for the tradesmen who sell them the materials, and even for their parents for not teaching their better habits! Happy Japan! At one bound she leaped into the ranks of civilized nations, but at another she out-distances them all.

### Byron's Youngest Descendant.

Primrose Day this year was the occasion of exceptional enthusiasm in London. But while the memory of Lord Beaconsfield was thus honored, it was remembered that April 19 was also the anniversary of the decease of another famous man, Lord Byron, who died in 1824, during the Greek war of independence. A small band of devoted Greeks resident in London visited his statue behind Apsley House, and placed a wreath of laurels, lilies, and roses on the pedestal, and stood bareheaded before the statue for some seconds. This leads the London "Spheres" to point out that Byron's youngest descendant, the son of the Hon. Neville Lytton, was born at 59, Cadogan Gardens, on April 7. This child is the great-great-grandson of Lord Byron; the great-grandson of Bulwer-Lytton, and the grandson of two poets—Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") and Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

"You appear to have a taste for horses," "Taste for horses? I rather guess I have. I was in Kimberley right through the siege."

### "THREE"

The same three that Jerome K. Jerome wrote about as having had funny experiences in a boat.

### "MEN"

Two of them were married, and one a bachelor—their history is vastly entertaining.

### "ON"

What they were on remains to be revealed in the next chapter.

### "WHEELS"

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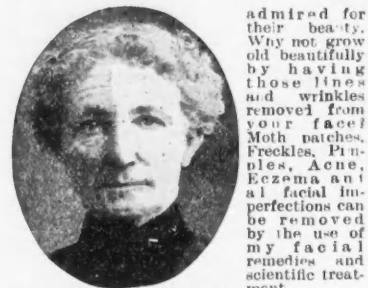
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## Scottish Canadian Poets.

It is a well known fact that the canny Scot has played a large and important role in the commerce and politics of Canada. That his services to the growing literature of this country have likewise been of a noteworthy character is testified by a volume recently published, entitled "Selections from Scottish-Canadian Poets." This is not to say that all or even the majority of the pieces included in this interesting volume, compiled and published under the auspices of the Caledonian Society of Toronto, are worthy of the sacred name of "literature." But all of them

Samples of the work of thirty-seven Scottish-Canadian poets are given place in the volume. From these a few selections of such as strike the fancy of the present reviewer may be of interest to the readers of "Saturday Night" in general. Needless to say that it would be impossible to select the best poems from the volume without taking pieces that are already well known to the public.

Alexander McLachlan, the bard of Amaranth, whose collected poems, by the way, are to be published shortly, is naturally given a prominent place, for he is perhaps the most representative Scottish poet this country can boast. One of the melancholy but



Committee of the Caledonian Society which selected the Poems.

are tolerably good bits of verse, and some show that their writers possess poetic talent of a high order. The collection is interesting mainly, however, because it indicates that temperamentally the Scot is the same this side the Atlantic as on his native heath; that the same openness to the beauties of nature, small or great, the same throbbing humanity, and the same well-balanced sentimentality which made an Ossian, a Scott and a Burns

charming little things that came from his pen was "The Rain It Falls."

The rain it falls and the wind it blows, And the restless ocean ebbs and flows, But the why and the wherefore none of us know.

The races come and the races go, But alas! alas! what do they know? They but repeat the old tale of woe.

The years they come and they hurry on, Ah, just as they did in the days ago! And bear us back to the vast unknown.

We can't resist the decrees of Fate, And there's nothing for us but to wait Till Death shall open or shut the gate.

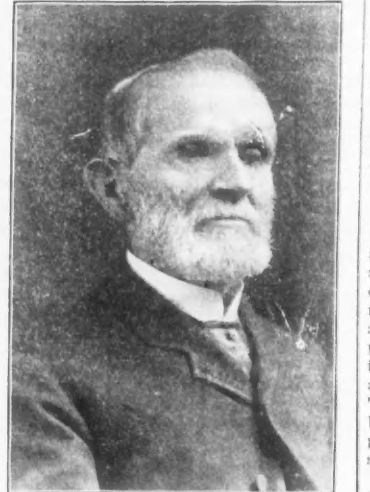
For the rain may fall, and the wind may blow, And the generations come and go, But the why and the wherefore none may know.

Another poet whose fame has thus far survived him was Evan MacColl, the Highland bard of Lo-hyne. Mr. MacColl, it is believed, did his best work in his Gaelic tongue, but many of his English pieces prove that he was master of the witchery of verse in his adopted as well as his mother speech. What could be more full of simple, childlike grace than these lines from his "Snowfall in a Highland Glen?"

Offspring fair of cloud and cold, Glorifying wood and wall, Who e'er't, mute, thy grace behold? Welcome, welcome, snow!

At thy touch, behold, to-day, The dark holly looks as gay As the hawthorn does in May: Welcome, welcome, snow!

See how 'neath thy gentle tread, Bright as bride to altar led,



Evan MacColl.

Bends the lady-birch her head: Welcome, welcome, snow!

Yonder cascade, in its glee, Down the hillside dashing free, Looks like darkness matched with thee: Welcome, welcome, snow!

Perhaps no piece of Scottish-Canadian verse is better known to the public in general than "Ca' Me Scotty!" by Mr. John Imrie, as valiant a Scot as there is in Canada, or, for that matter, in Scotland itself.

Yes, ca' me "Scotty" if ye will, For sic' a name can mean nae ill;

O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill— I'm quite content wi' "Scotty."

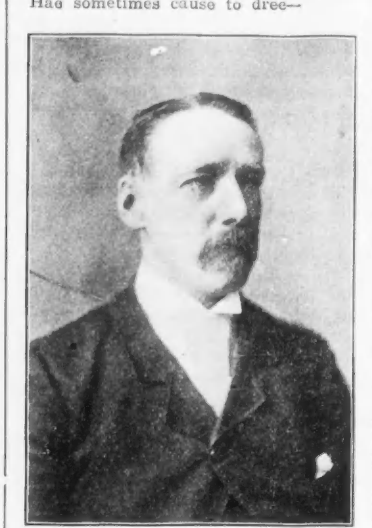
Here is another popular piece of his that finds place in the Caledonian Society's collection:

When troubles rise, like clouds in skies, An' a' things seem to flee, Keep up your heart, though freeths depart, Nae time is that to dream! The weakest man in a' the lan', Is he that has nae foe; Trust mair in self than freens or pelf, An' whistle as ye go!

Chorus.—Just whistle to yoursel', my man, Some cantie tune ye ken; The diel himsel' can't stan' the spell, O' cheery, whistlin' men!

Should Love beguile, just wait awhile, There's gude fish in the sea, The fickle jaud may get nae lad, She's no' the lass for thee; Tak' time to think, an' in a blink, The richt lass ye will see; Just whistle some, an' she will come, Wi' love-light in her e'e!—Chorus.

Some married men, as ye may ken, Has sometimes cause to dree—



John Imrie.

A scoldin' wife may vex his life, An' out the house he'll flee; But don't dree that, like frichted cat, Just tak' advice frae me; Be unca' fain, an' hand the wear, An' syne she'll mask the tea!

Chorus.—She canna whistle like ye, guid man, An' that ye brawly ken; But she can sing, an' comfort bring, To cheery, whistlin' men!

Several Canadian women of Scotch birth or Scotch descent have written admirable verse, and the work of half a dozen or more has been admitted to the volume before us. A representative writer of this class is Mrs. Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay. One of her shorter poems, "Dreams," has striking originality and merit:

O dreams! so dear you are and sweet, So deep within my heart ye hide, That all the pageant of the real Seems but a little thing outside.

I wonder if, all dreaming done, Our tired, aching hearts may see One little dream of all they dreamed Become a great reality?

Or shall we still dream on, and dream With far-off eyes that always see



Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay.

Some wondrous joy, some crowning good, Some triumph in the far "to be?"

And seem's content to wait, And hope and serve? Perhaps 'tis planned That we should seek the peace of life And find it in the shadow-land.

Come then and go with vagrant will, Ye joys and sorrows of the seen! Ye move me not while I may hold Within my silent heart—a dream.

Of course the anthology would be sadly incomplete did it not contain specimens of the work of Mr. Alexander Muir, whose "Maple Leaf Forever" has found permanent lodgment in the heart of English-speaking Canada, and who, by the way, has just published another patriotic song having reference to the South African war and entitled "Young Canada Was There." Many other writers, more or less well known, are honored by a place in the volume, but it is impossible to give space for further extracts. "Selections from Scottish-Canadian Poets" is the output of the press of Messrs. Imrie, Graham & Company, to whom we are indebted for the use of the illustrations on this page. It is a book which is making a stir amongst Scotchmen and their descendants throughout Canada, and its publication must be regarded as one of the events of the year in our literature.

Lo Roy Hooker's book, "Baldoon," is a Canadian story by a Canadian, which is well worth reading, and is of particular interest to those who know the locality and many of the episodes with which it deals. The author claims that the story is fact, adapted

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and grouped as the occasion required; it happens that the writer of this review can vouch for several of the episodes, and locate some of the characters. The haunted house which gives the tale its title, and the ventriloquist's interference with a church meeting, for instance. The story is set in Lambton County, at the forks of the Sydenham river, the old Scotch farmer is drawn from life, and neat touches, familiar to early settlers in that locality, are recognized on every page. The climax of the tale has good power, and the interest is well sustained all through. As a pleasant, stirring and veracious picture of life in Canada at the middle of the present century, as well as for its literary excellence, the story of "Baldoon" merits special praise. The Poole Publishing Company, Toronto, have brought out the book.

Blasphemous titles for books are still a craze. "If Christ were to come again, to London, in this present year of grace, how would He be received, and what would happen?" That is the question which Mr. Richard Marsh places at the beginning of his book, "A Second Coming," and afterwards attempts to answer. Mr. Marsh is an inventor of sensational horrors in literature, and his attempt to depict Christ is said to have resulted only in a pitiful caricature.

Miss Marie Corelli has chosen a very odd name for her next novel. She calls it "The Master-Christian." Recent years have given us "The Master" by Mr. Zangwill, and "The Christian" by Mr. Hall Caine; does Miss Corelli, one may wonder, propose to combine the two? This will be her first long novel since "The Sorrows of Satan," which was published in 1895.

Mr. Anthony Hope is reviving his capricious and captivating heroine, Dolly, Lady Mickleham, in a new series of Dolly Dialogues, which will first be printed in the "New Magazine," the opening number of which is due in June.

## The Old Proverb

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Few people would ever be unwell if their stomachs did their work properly. The stomach is the organ that gets out of order ofttest, and with a healthy stomach a man is free from danger of nine-tenths of the common human ailments.

The stomach is the toughest organ in the body. It must be or it wouldn't stand one-half of the abuse it receives. No other organ in the body is made to submit to the rough treatment that the stomach undergoes without complaint.

But there comes a time when it fails. There is a limit to endurance even of the stomach. It breaks down. The symptoms of Dyspepsia appear. Heartburn, Water-brash, pain in the chest begin to cause annoyance. How many people can count the beginning of their physical breakdown to these comparatively trifling ailments.

It is a strange thing, but people still continue to neglect these early symptoms of Dyspepsia despite the wide-spread knowledge of their results. In a few short months they become chronic dyspeptics. Then they are the most unhappy mortals alive.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Chronic Dyspepsia. There is no question of that. If a treatment by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is regularly and conscientiously undergone: the cure of the worst case of Dyspepsia is certain.

But how much easier it would be to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets at the first sign of stomach disorder! When the Heartburn is first noticed, when the feeling of gas in the throat and chest is first experienced, then by the aid of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets it would be a simple matter to correct the fault of the stomach and prevent serious disease.

The official report of an exhaustive trial of such vehicles, which took place last summer in Liverpool, England, has just been issued. From a notice in the "Engineering News" (April 12), we learn that the jury state that the vehicles tested have reached such degrees of mechanical excellence that their use will be attended with success and economy, as compared with horse traction. On paved streets the speed is double that of horses with equal loads, and the motor wagon overcomes the present difficulty of ascending and descending hills. "They will compete advantageously with horses," the report goes on to say, "for the transport of loads of four to six and one-half tons over distances up to forty miles; for this distance a working day of twelve hours should be sufficient for collection, transport and delivery." Four tons carried on three tons of dead weight at five miles per hour is the maximum satisfactory performance to this time; but a load of seven tons can be carried if a single trailer be used. The judges strongly hold that the requirements of trade in large manufacturing and distributing centers can not be met with a load limit of four tons; to satisfy existing conditions six and ten tons must be carried on one platform.

## Kentucky Inspiration.

"I suppose you see some funny things about here?" said the visitor to Niagara. "Indeed we do," replied the guide; "why, only yesterday there was a Kentucky colonel here, and as soon as he saw the rapids he wanted to shoot 'em."—Yonkers "Statesman."

Patience—What shocking language that parrot uses! Patience—Isn't it dreadful? Patience—Did it belong to a sailor before you got it? Patience—No; to a golf player.

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LONDON COURT JOURNAL.



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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, ..... No. 1769  
Editorial Rooms, ..... No. 1769

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 13. TORONTO, MAY 19, 1900. NO. 27.

## THE DRAMA

THE DEGENERATES, as a dramatic composition, is of the slightest kind. It contains scarcely any story and very few, if any, lines that one would care to remember two minutes after they were said. Here are some of the smartest, which I took down because they seemed typical:

"Yes, that is it; what does anything matter?"  
"Whatever I may be to-morrow, I am good to-night."  
"Oh, you English! With you nothing is love that is not marriage."

The Degenerates is not clever enough to be truly immoral. No person not weak in the upper story could be affected by its shallow cynicism and mediocre frivolity. Not "immoral," but "vulgar and stupid" is the proper characterization of the play. Only the consciousness that it was Mrs. Langtry who was playing the role of the gay and self-indulgent wreck of domestic peace, Mrs. Trevelyan, redeemed the performance from unspeakable boredom. For try as one might to imagine that the company comprised talent above the standard of respectable mediocrity, one could not but acknowledge in calm after-judgment that there were as few gleams of brilliancy in the work of the actors as in that of the playwright. Of course, people did not expect much in the way of acting, or at least should not have done so. It was Mrs. Langtry that they went to see—and Mrs. Langtry they saw, in all the effulgence of her Parisian gowns and mysteriously preserved physique. It is quite true that she played her part with a certain ease and charm, as if she knew in the smallest detail exactly how such a woman as Mrs. Trevelyan would conduct her self, and it is likewise true that she recited "The Absent-Minded Beggar" quite as nicely as any Toronto school-girl could have done it. This being the case, the public had no particular ground for dissatisfaction. They had seen the bride of Hugo de Bathe, and had witnessed one of the most talked-of plays of the time, and that was all the majority had gone for.

A morning paper's sneer at the people of Toronto as "a provincial and unenlightened community," to whom the very name of Mrs. Langtry's play suggests terrible things, was most ungenerous and uncalled for. Toronto is certainly provincial in a sense, as are all cities except the very large centers where fashionable plays, like fashionable vices, have their origin. But in these days of the cable, the telegraph and the cheap newspaper, it is difficult to find any city of Toronto's size whose people are not, on the whole, well posted concerning the literary and artistic events and ideals of the world. Easy communication and abundant literature have practically wiped out the old-time distinction between "metropolitan" and "provincial." Torontonians may not be as competent to judge a play on its artistic merits as the theater-goers of New York or London, but they are in as good a position, or, perchance, a better position, to judge it on its moral merits. Hence the remark of the paper in question upon the supposed prudishness of Toronto's "provincials" is both silly and insolent.

Mrs. Langtry on her return to England intends to make a tour of the Provinces with The Degenerates.

I sent "the Frivolous Girl" to the Grand last week to write up A Romance of Athlone for me. Here is her verdict: "I always thought romances were thrilling, but this one wasn't a bit. The characters might have made it a good play—only none of them were well enough developed; and the play might have been all right if it had had its proper growth. Every person in the affair seemed to be sort of half what he or she was intended to be. If I was an actor I should refuse to interpret a half-baked part, wouldn't you? I should insist on personating a complete man or woman, not a talking doll, and I should feel silly if I had to pretend to take a lot of trivial, shallow people seriously."

"The play is supposed to happen in 1800. The hero is Dick. The villain is Fitzsimmons. The bad weak man is Dick's half-brother Francis, who kidnaps his little sister and gives her to the wrong gypsy. The pair of the two young men is an old sick. There are two girls, who swap identities (neither of them getting much of a bargain), and the two young men each get one of the girls in the last act. But there is a great fencing bout in the last act, too, which is some compensation for the flat ending. It was real live fencing, like the boys do in the assault-arms, and the two men in front of me stopped talking to watch it. 'I like Chauncy Olcott, but I haven't much use for his role. He sings songs and talks Irish just beautifully. I would have liked to hear him tell fairytales in his brogue all evening and have let the ordinary mother and the unidentified girls and Fitzsimmons, the sword-man, and Francis, the chump, all fight it out behind the scenes, really and truly.'"

Shea's had a strong bill again this week. "The Girl" was again the central attraction. The miscellaneous numbers were interesting, and there were, as usual, some new views in the biography. The popularity vaudeville has attained in Toronto under Mr. Shea's excellent management is proven by the fact that notwithstanding the hot wave which struck Toronto on Monday, the attendance at the dainty Yonge street theater showed no tendency to sag.

Herbert Fortier, an old Toronto boy who has succeeded on the stage, played to good houses at the Toronto this

week in Darkest Russia, a well-known melodrama. The play was well put on and well acted and elicited much enthusiasm at every performance.

Mr. Franklin McLeay was the first man in the British metropolis to suggest that a matinee be given in aid of the Ottawa fire sufferers. The scheme has met with the approval of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Strathcona. The Governor-General sent the following cablegram from Ottawa:

"Referring to your telegram of to-day to Prime Minister, the Queen's Birthday matinee in aid of sufferers of Ottawa fire, please inform McLeay action highly appreciated here. Delighted to give patronage."

The Canada Club, the Colonial Club, and the Royal Colonial Institute have already promised their earnest efforts to secure the success of the undertaking, and are moving energetically in the matter. Mr. Arthur Collins at once most generously offered the use of the National Theater, Drury Lane. The leading actor-managers have promised to appear, and a preliminary list of the items in the programme will be issued shortly. The matinee will be given in honor of the Queen's Birthday, but not on the Queen's Birthday, as that would clash with the patriotic entertainment at the Kensington Palace Hotel. The date tentatively fixed upon is Thursday, May 31, or Friday, June 1. Mr. McLeay, the originator of the idea and the organizer of the performance, is forming a working committee.

Rose Coghlan and John T. Sullivan will play a short season in vaudeville this summer. They will play James Clarence Harvey's one-act play, Between Matinee and Night.

There are two vaudeville theaters in Dawson City, both doing a very large business, and on the ground are about one hundred and fifty performers. At last accounts they were waiting for the ice to break up so that they could move en masse on Cape Nome.

Al. G. Field will have two minstrel companies on the road next season, one to be known as the Eastern company and the other the Western company. The personnel of the Eastern company will be the same as the one with which Field has just closed a very successful season.

F. E. McKay writes in the New York "Dramatic News": "At the opening day of Morris Park racetrack on Saturday, I noted in Box A, Roland Reed and Isadore Rush. The comedian appeared to be the strongest and ruddiest man anywhere along that long stand, and every one that went up to him to shake his hand, found that the grip he gave was strong enough to indent finger rings much further than was comfortable. All this, of course, makes the brash kind of contrast with his invalidism of last winter, when it was freely predicted that he could not possibly recover. Later on at the Woodmanstein Inn, Mr. Reed was observable making way with a dinner that would have done credit to a brace of Roman gladiators."

The concert hall of the Metropolitan School of Music was recently the scene of a most interesting "Evening With Rudyard Kipling," given by elocution pupils of Miss Lillian Burns, assisted by Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, a highly successful and well-known piano pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the institution named, and Mr. Maurice Walsh, a vocal pupil of Sig. Sajous, who made a very favorable impression. The chief interest naturally centered in the readings, which were as follows: Mr. Rival, Miss Lottie Campton; His Majesty, the King, Miss Edna Young; Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, Miss Ella Rogers; The Betrothed, Miss Lily Long; Bobs, Miss Ruth Mackie; Cupid's Arrows, Miss Alice Long, and The Ballad of East and West, Miss Emma L. Duff. The selections were, in themselves, of an interesting character, but they were rendered doubly so by the admirable manner in which they were given; and indeed Miss Burns is to be complimented not only upon having a class of talented pupils, but also upon the finish with which they acquit themselves as the result of her training. Taken all in all, the elocutionary work presented upon this occasion was by far the best that has been heard within the halls of the Metropolitan School of Music.

The Girl With the Auburn Hair has been with us. The Boy With the Auburn Hair has arrived, and The Man With the Green Gloves is on his way. At this rate of going we may expect, ere long, The Man With the Sky-blue Whiskers and The Old Maid With False Teeth.

There are so many features looked at Sha's Theater for next week that it is hard to describe them in the short space available for the purpose. Lydia Yeamans Titus, Papinta and James O. Barrows & Co. must divide up the honors to suit themselves. Any one of these acts would be sufficient for most managers, but Mr. Shea appears to have no limit. Lydia Yeamans Titus, the charming catrice whose baby songs will live in the traditions of the stage, will be assisted by the accomplished pianist, Mr. Frederick J. Titus. She is considered the greatest vocal mimic and comedienne on the stage, and this is to be her last appearance in this country prior to her departure for Europe. Papinta, who is acknowledged by the public and critics to be the greatest fire dancer in the country, will divide honors with Miss Titus. Her stage setting and electrical effects have never been equaled by any other dancer, and she is said to have some new dances for next week. James O. Barrows, assisted by John Lancaster & Co., will present the dramatic comedy, Tactics, written by Thomas Frost, the author of Chums. It is a reminiscent battle scene between two old military leaders. They fight over the battle of Gettysburg, and while doing so keep the audience in roars of laughter. There are four people in the skit. Polk and Kollins, who are masters of the banjo; Kelly and Violet, in a singing act; Muldox and Wayne, who combine comedy and dancing; the Sa-Vans, three clever acrobats; and James Richmond Glenroy, the man with the green gloves, complete a good bill.

This city is to be favored by a production of the Olga Nethersole version of Sapho at the Toronto Opera House next week. In order that the general theater-going public might have an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves whether the outcry which has been raised in New York against the play was justified, Miss Nethersole consented to another Sapho company being put on the road. She insisted, however, that the organization should meet the demands of the play in every particular, and to this end, permitted Miss Alberta Gallatin to accept the title role. Frank Lander, a leading actor of recognized ability, was selected for the part of Jean Gaussin, and all of the minor parts will be in the hands of well-schooled actors. The Clyde Fitch version will be used just as it is played by Miss Nethersole, and the scenic appointments of the production will be identical with the original. The play as dramatized by Mr. Fitch is said to follow the novel faithfully.

Mr. George Stewart, of Boston, the manager of the Boston Festival Orchestra, writes in the following strain to Mr. Harris: "The forces about to visit us in connection with the Torquill production: 'Miss Provau is one of the very best singers in Boston, and she is to sing such parts as Elijah and Stabat Mater all over the country. She is a very fine dramatic singer, and I am sure you will be pleased with her. Miss Boulton, since I engaged her for the tour, has been engaged by Grau, and is now a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and I am sure you will like her. Mr. Leon Moore has a dramatic voice, just the same, I think, as is required for Torquill. You know Gwilym Miles is the very best of our American baritones, and has come into great prominence during the past few years. He is to sing the part of Elijah for the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, April 15th, which will be the opening concert of our tour. You are aware that Emil Mollenhauer, the conductor of the Boston Festival Orches-

tra, is now also the conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society."

A unique programme will be presented at the Empire Day concert to be given by the pupils of the Public schools in Massey Hall on the evening of Wednesday, 23rd inst., in aid of the National Patriotic Fund. In addition to a number of carefully selected part songs and choruses combined with fancy drills and marches, there will be a dramatic exhibition of the growth of the British Empire by the chorus of eight hundred voices and the combined drill companies representing England and her colonies. The entire programme will be furnished by pupils of the Public schools, including a number of youthful soloists of exceptional ability. A large number of seats have been reserved, but some desirable ones may still be secured on application at the Public School Board office, corner of York and Richmond streets, at the uniform price of twenty-five cents for all parts of the hall.

### Meltzer's View of the "American" Drama.

DISCUSSING the future of the drama in America in the new monthly "Criterion," (April), Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer, the dramatic critic and translator of Hauptmann, takes a pessimistic view of present conditions of dramatic art on this continent, but at the same time an optimistic view as to the future. "We may find comfort," he says, "in the fast-spreading appreciation of the surely vital facts that the more nearly plays approximate to the essential truths of life, the greater their sincerity, their logic, and their insight into the strange complexities of human nature, the more worthy are they of our admiration and the more valuable are they as contributions to stage literature. Since the time when The Wife, The Charity Ball, and Men and Women passed muster as models of stagecraft, we have gone far on the road to realism. Some, shrinking from the crude portraiture of human frailty in Sapho, and from the grossness of 'smart' comedies like The Degenerates, may think that we have gone too far. I do not agree with them. We should beware of confounding the true realism with the false. No one has been more outspoken in dealing with the atrocities, the brutalities, and the obscenities of life than Shakespeare. But (and this makes all the difference between impurity and purity) Shakespeare treated even the most shocking themes with the rare grace and charm of art. Sapho, handled by a Dumas, might have had something, at least, of the deep pathos which attracts us in Camille. The chief reproach that I should bring against the powerful story of Alphonse Daudet which Mr. Fitch has dramatized is, not that it shows us the bad, seamy side of womanhood (Shakespeare's women are not all virtuous), but that it teaches us to set more store on prudency—selfish, vulgar, heartless prudency—than on the fro'sh, reckless, wretched, but at least unselfish honesty of love."

### On the Golf Links.

GOLF, as it is played by the women of Canada, is arousing some little interest in England. A few weeks ago Miss Amy Pascoe, lady champion of Great Britain in '96, wrote to a representative of one of the golf clubs in Toronto, asking for information. Her letter was accompanied by a long column of questions regarding the links in and about the Queen City, the membership of the clubs, the names of the players and those who held the records for the different courses. In fact, the list was an exhaustive one, and it answered in full will give the English people a very complete idea of who the Canadian women are who play the Royal and Ancient Game, and how they play it. As Miss Pascoe, besides being one of the strongest players in the Old Country, is a recognized authority on golf and a clever contributor to many of the golf magazines both in England and America, an article on the subject of Golf Among Canadian Women may reasonably be looked for in the near future. Naturally, those who play, and those who think they play, will be anxious to see how they fare when the ready pen of Miss Pascoe has finished with the subject. Toronto has already given two lady golfers to the links on the other side of the ocean. For several seasons Mrs. Douglas Macdougall, who was one of the first ladies to play at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and, in fact, introduced the game to women over there, has been winning events on the Scottish links, and last autumn Miss White, the star player of the Fernhill Club, married a son of the Chief Justice of Ireland, and left for her new home in the Emerald Isle, where her skill on the links will no doubt win her fresh laurels, and at the same time cast a reflected glory over her sister golfers in Canada.

Miss Wilkie won the first of the monthly handicap matches of the season at the Fernhill links. The Fernhills have also been playing off their four-oms this week.

The ladies' match against Bogey, on the Rosedale links, was played on Friday of last week for prizes given by Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston and Miss Greenishelds. Miss Lucy Maclean Howard won first place, being one up on Bogey; Mrs. Dick second, two down.

A match between the ladies of the Rosedale and Ottawa clubs will be played at Rosedale on the 28th inst. The two following days will be busy ones on the Fernhill links. On the 29th the Fernhill ladies will play the Ottawa team, and on the 30th the inter-provincial will come off.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore, lady president of the Rosedale Club, is presenting a trophy to be played for by the members of the R. G. C. The first rounds are being played off, with a large entry list.

Miss May Dawson has returned from England. Captain R. G. Dickson, of the Niagara Golf Club, was in town for a couple of days this week. From London, England, comes the news that H. H. Hilton has won the amateur golf championship. In the final round at Sandwich he defeated Ross by 9 up, 7 to play.

The Executive of the Metropolitan Women's Golf Association met last week and arranged the schedule of team matches for the season. The date of the championship has not yet been fixed.

The Toronto-Rosedale match last Saturday ended disastrously for Rosedale, Toronto being 77 up. The score does not sound quite so badly when it is remembered that there were eighty men playing. The principal interest was centered in the Smith-Brown and Kerr-Lyon matches. Smith defeated the amateur champion, four up, and Lyon avenged his Rosedale comrade by defeating Kerr, eight up.

### Railroad Etiquette.

Harper's Bazar.



Polite Passenger—Pardon me for interrupting, but if you are through with that side I'll turn over.

An interesting foursome followed the match. Brown and Lyon (Rosedale) defeating Kerr (Toronto) and G. T. Brown (London) by four up, 18 holes.

This is an interesting extract from a letter written by Vardon to a friend in England, when he had played only sixteen of his series of matches in the United States. He says: "I have won fifteen and lost one. Not so bad, considering that the greens are sand, the tees sand, and some whole courses sand. . . . I have broken eight records out of nine courses played on. The record for the last was 81. I did it twice in 71."

The monthly handicap of the Country and Hunt Club came off last Saturday afternoon. All the members who could possibly be on hand were present to participate, and the day ended delightfully, as all events do at this charming club out on the lake shore, with a number of jolly little teas and a big dinner. HAZARD.

### Notes From the Capital.

IT was really a pity that the dinner given by the Ontario Liberal M.P.'s should have taken place on the same night as the State reception at Government House, for it kept a number of prominent men away from that function. The reception was much like the official State reception which follows the State dinner the day Parliament opens. There was, in fact, a dinner in connection with it, but the dinner came off a few nights before, which was a good idea, as two such functions in one evening must be upsetting, even to a vice-regal household, where the servants are many, and English. There was not nearly so much gold lace, either, at this reception as there is at the one to which I have compared it. The gentlemen, no matter what their rank, wear evening dress, instead of official uniform. One of the important persons whom the dinner to Sir Richard prevented attending, Government House was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the only two members of the Cabinet who managed to put in an appearance were Hon. William Mulock and Hon. R. R. Dobbell, the former of whom had the honor of taking the Countess of Minto in to supper. His Excellency took in Mrs. Travers-Lewis, who, like most of the other ladies of quality present, was without her husband. It was a trifle trying to the temper of an A.D.C., after he had made out a supper list in accordance with rules of precedence and acceptances, to find, at the last moment, that the Cabinet Ministers were detained at dinner, and that the list was useless. It was a time to "pity the A.D.C." Fortunately, the Senate had turned out nobly, and failing a Cabinet Minister, a Senator is considered good enough to take almost any lady in to supper. So the A.D.C. did what he could with the Senate. Fortunately, too, there was a Rear-Admiral of the British navy present, and, better still than that, an eminent newspaper correspondent who happened to be a guest at Government House, which alone endeared him with a halo of importance sufficient to allow of his taking even a Cabinet Minister's wife to supper. Those who read "The Times" and know that its interesting and scholarly articles on American politics and important matters, dated New York, are written by Mr. G. W. Smalley, would have been charmed to go into supper with him, even had he not been stopping with the Governor-General. Mr. Smalley is one of the great newspaper correspondents of the day. Up to 1895 he was London correspondent of the New York "Tribune," and a prominent figure in the best London society. He spent most of last week at Government House, and at two dinners and the State reception a number of Ottawa people had the pleasure of meeting him. At these receptions, which are always of a more formal character than dances, His Excellency and Lady Minto do not enter the drawing-room until a large number of their guests have arrived. They enter to the strains of God Save the Queen. An A.D.C. goes before them, mentioning the names of the ladies and gentlemen as they advance to meet them, and the ladies on shaking hands go down in the not altogether graceful "hob" curtsy, which is a sort of nightmare to some nervous ladies, and almost—not quite—keeps them away from Government House. It is nothing when you are used to it, and what is more, it is the proper thing, so it must be done. Then there is a great deal of standing, for in the vice-regal presence no one dare sit down. On Wednesday evening I noticed that the sofas and chairs were pushed quite far back, lest any unwary person might forget himself and sit down and sit down. There were other charming drawing-rooms where the weary ones might rest, a long corridor for promenading, and the most lovely conservatory lighted with Japanese lanterns, and after the presentations were over there was no reason why anyone should remain in the large drawing-room. It was universally admitted that Government House never looked better than on this occasion, but that at all entertainments in the present regime it has looked as well. Among the flowers which enhanced the beauty of the large drawing-room were some magnificent crimson roses which had come to Lady Minto that day from New York. Lady Minto's gown was lovely—white satin, trimmed with pearl and diamond sequins. One pink rose fastened in the soft embroidery of the bodice was the only touch of color. Mrs. Drummond was there, looking handsome in a sweeping gown of black velvet with black chiffon on the bodice. It was her first appearance at an evening party since she lost her daughter last summer, and everyone was glad to see her again. Mrs. Drummond is a very tall woman, always a head and shoulders over most women, and many men. But she is graceful, and carries her height well. She usually has the advantage in the comparison. She went in to supper that night with the Rear-Admiral I mentioned above, and she quite towered over him. Lady Laurier had Sir Mackenzie Bowell for her partner at supper. As usual, her gown was among the handsome ones. It was pinkish mauve brocade, trimmed with pearl embroidery and beautiful lace. She chaperoned Miss Edith Kerr, who was her guest last week, and whose visit ended on Saturday last, much to the regret of all her friends here. Mrs. R. R. Dobbell's gown was also brocade of a pinkish mauve shade, strewn with bouquets of dark purple flowers. Miss Dobbell, who is looking particularly well this spring, wore flowered silk muslin over rose taffeta. Miss Mary Scott wore cream satin, trimmed with pearl embroidery. Mrs. Borden looked very sweet in a simply-made gown of rather bright blue brocade, with white lace, put on fichu-like, on the bodice. Mrs. Borden is one of the most popular ladies in the Cabinet circle, and deservedly so. Mrs. W. C. Edwards, wife of the member for Russell, came with Mrs. Borden, who is one of her intimate friends. She wore pale blue, covered with exquisite lace.

On Friday afternoon there is a garden party at Government House between the hours of five and seven. It has been so unlike the spring here for the last few weeks that nothing but tailor-made frocks were thought of, and now the dress-makers are having a great rush to get their numerous orders finished by Friday.

Next week His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto and their staff leave for Toronto and the Races. They are anxious to spend a week or so in Toronto, and endeavors are being made to get them a house there, which would be much more comfortable and convenient than a suite at the hotel. If a suitable house is found, Toronto people will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves how charming Lord and Lady Minto are in the roles of host and hostess.

The Executive of the National Council of the Women of Canada met here on Tuesday last. The meeting was held in the assembly hall of the Y.W.C.A., and was attended by a number of prominent women from different parts of Canada. Lady Taylor, the president, was here, and was a guest at the Russell. Lady Tilley came up from New Brunswick, Mrs. J. V. Ellis from St. John, N.B., and many others. Lady Minto, who is honorary president of the Council, was present at the morning session.

Mrs. Plumet B. Taylor, whose marriage took place in April, has held her post-nuptial receptions this week. She was at Home on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons at her pretty residence, 102 McLaren street.

AMARYLLIS.



## Anne's Paris Gown.

THE severe young theologian sat beside Anne at Mrs. Denton's dinner party. Anne seemed fated to meet theologians at dinner parties.

"Do you know, mademoiselle, you remind me of the picture of a Madonna I saw in Paris?" he observed, critically.

"How dreadful!" Anne shuddered.

"The young theologian raised his eyebrows. "Do you think it dreadful to resemble physiognomically the most beautiful of women?" he said, with asperity.

"Oh, please don't say anything more to me about it. Paris is such a wicked city," entreated Anne. So the theologian turned to his other neighbor and Anne turned to the man of brilliant attainments.

"I suppose you have travelled some?" he enquired, casually.

Anne's face brightened. "Oh, yes, I have been to Montreal twice," she announced, with childish importance. "I was in Gravenhurst for a whole year once."

The man of brilliant attainments seemed considerably shocked. "Poor child," he murmured, "you have yet to see life."

Anne smiled sympathetically. "I suppose you have been through a lot," she said, while her eyes grew round.

"Yes, I carry the scars of many wounds Experience has inflicted on me," the man of brilliant attainments sighed.

"Do you draw or paint, or are you a musician?" Anne asked, still apparently swimming in sympathy.

"I am not an artist at all," he replied benevolently. "I am a writer. Perhaps you have seen my volume of poems entitled *Marvels*?"

"Oh, yes—those beautiful things—of course I've seen them. Is it nice to be a writer?" she asked.

"Art is an exacting mistress," said the man of brilliant attainments, abruptly.

"Is she? But then you come out even, when the newspapers and book reviewers say such nice things about you!" Anne tried to be consoling.

"The reviewers have been very kind," he admitted. Anne smiled brightly across at the mournful-looking young man who was listening attentively to her remarks.

"I understand that you live in the country?" began the man of brilliant attainments after an eloquent pause in the conversation.

"You can tell that by the way my dress is made, can't you?" said Anne, with her steady smile.

"No, I heard that you lived in the country from, let me see, I've forgotten whom," gasped the celebrated man.

"Well, the only time I really live is when I'm in the country, but I spend some time every year in town. Of course not always in this town," she concluded, with a conscious blush. The mournful-eyed young man was looking graver than ever, and played with a spoon, keeping his eyes on his plate.

"Have you ever tried to write?" asked the man of brilliant attainments, who had found the question to be gratifying to most young girls.

Anne immediately became intensely interested. "I used to; but I always hated to end the stories. I never could find a good enough climax. Ending the long-estranged lovers in each other's arms always appeared to me to be sort of inartistic, and you've got to reconcile the lovers, or the story's no good. I wish you would tell me how to make the end as thrilling as the middle," she asked wistfully.

The man of brilliant attainments smiled indulgently. "You should take real life as your starting point, and end the story on the same principle," he said.

"Yes, but in real life they always kiss and say they are sorry, and probably cry some," objected Anne.

"Not always," said the man of brilliant attainments with a sigh.

Anne followed his glance around the table, but she saw it rest on nobody in particular, so she ignored the pathos of his suggestion.

"Of course some people have to be fitted, but that is good for them," she went on; "but I hope it is more artistic to let them stay estranged."

"Love is such an old story, it is hard to do the subject justice any more," he said critically.

"Well, why make so much fuss over it, if it's such an old story?" said Anne, impatiently.

"Because it is the one interesting topic, the only emotion that can thrill the heart, even in old age," said the man of brilliant attainments, looking softly at her pretty face. Anne laughed merrily as she rose to leave the room with the other women.

"Anne," began Teresa, reproachfully, over the coffee, "how could you have the heart to make fun of that poor young poet?"

"I didn't, and besides he is quite a celebrated poet. I would not talk to a writer who was not celebrated. They are stupid enough if they are real great," Anne smiled over her fan at Teresa.

"Did you see how mournful Denny looked? I expected him to laugh any minute. You shouldn't torture him so," Teresa was bent on reforming her cousin. "Your dress does look rustic, but you needn't make out that you are a silly. What all did he say?"

"Oh, he told me that love stories didn't always end right, and he sighed and gently discouraged my literary aspirations. I never wrote anything but a letter of refusal in my life," Anne laughed. Anne always laughed.

"Did you ever shed a single tear?" asked Teresa in disgust.

"Yes, my dear, I did. Just before dinner to-night, too. Do you realize that I had a Paris gown in that belated trunk which I intended to wear to-night? I did. And this awful thing of Celia's gives me the blues to look at it," Anne answered, looking ready to cry all over again.

"Oh, well, I suppose you do feel like a frump, but you needn't, because you look dignified and properly personified; but you certainly act horrid. What did you say to the clergyman, that horrified him so?"

"I pretended that I didn't know what a Madonna was, and he thought I was bigoted against Catholics. I should like to talk country to some of these women, they are such terribly tiny people. Here comes Mrs. Denton's mother-in-law to speak to me. Please don't spoil anything, Tess," Teresa consented under protest. "I will wear the Paris gown to call here and talk my best French if you will do as I want you to," whispered Anne.

"Ah, so this is Mademoiselle Anne," gushed old Mrs. Denton, as she approached the conspirators. "My dear little—oh, what a sweet child you are," said the silly old thing, ecstatically. Anne dropped her scanty eyelashes and clutched nervously at her "frumpy" skirt. "I am afraid you are shy, my child. Surely you aren't afraid of soft-hearted old Mrs. Denton?" purred the person described.

Anne ventured to raise her timid eyes. "No; I think you are very kind," gasped the shy child.

"Here come the gentlemen," said Mrs. Denton. "I will see that you have somebody interesting to talk to," she whispered, as she darted toward the group of men. Denny, the clergyman and the poet had reached the two girls while the old lady's back was turned, so when she had introduced the two she had captured there was quite a regiment, all bent on seeing just how Anne would conduct herself.

That young person clutched her chair nervously, breathed rather hard, and kept her frightened blue eyes fixed in astonishment on Teresa.

"Mademoiselle Anne tells me she has written stories," said the poet maliciously.

"Tell us what kind," asked the clergyman, malicious in his turn.

Anne's expression softened. "They were generally about estranged friends and a girl whose parents wouldn't let her marry the man of her heart," she said, shyly.

"And you had difficulty in deciding where to end your stories," suggested the malicious poet.

"Yes. It always seemed more fun when they were trying to get each other back; and I disliked to stop the ad-



From "The Biography of a Grizzly." Copyright, 1900, by The Century Co.

WAH! YELLED AND JERKED BACK.

ventures," murmured Anne.

"You said a story was no good that didn't reconcile the lovers in the end, and on top of that you say it is quite proper that some people should get jilted," proceeded the poet.

"Well, if a man gets jilted he has twice as much striving as a man who is accepted by the first girl he asks, and the uncertainty is all the fun. But you imagine all sorts of accidents happening to your favorite hero unless you know that he has got his heart's desire before you leave him. I think novels are silly, anyway. The novelists create an atmosphere and a little world of people, who interest you; you follow their fortunes with anxiety and then when they are safely bestowed in a cosy corner the atmosphere suddenly gives out, the footlights flicker and the people you were so interested in look awfully small in comparison with the other world, where the light shines from the sky instead of from the cellar, and you wonder how in this world you could get so excited over nothing."

As she concluded, Anne gave a startled look around at her smiling auditors. Denny's mournful eyes met her gaze.

"Mademoiselle, are your ideas on music as heterodox as your ideas on novel-writing?" enquired a tall man whose hair was coiffe a la Pompadour.

"Oh, I haven't any ideas," protested the frightened actress. "What made you think I had? But really, I think some musicians are awfully funny. Specially the singers. They tell you as seriously as anything that if you would only listen to them you would soon know how to sing, and they sit and quarrel and make fun of your teacher and praise their own; then they make you sing 'ah' for them and race you up the scale till your voice squeaks protest; and they get down scrap-books full of press notices and tell you what people say about their voices to them, and how jealous other musicians are of them and what a time they have with the poor accompanists, till you positively get awed. But that sort of thing has the same trick of collapsing as the novels. The atmosphere of importance gives out in the dim light of a mild flirtation or the glare of conventionality. Musicians are awful bluffs. But there, instead of discussing music, I have scolded the musicians. I hardly ever hear music, though."

The man with the Pompadour bang took up the foils eagerly. But surely you go to concerts? There are plenty of musicians in the city—and so many concerts."

Anne unfurled her fan and smiled over it. "Yes, but what have concerts and musicians to do with music?" she asked, naively.

"What, indeed?" murmured Denny, approvingly. The man with the Pompadour bang smiled with superior scorn, the poet looked uneasily at the so-called country girl, while Denny's unfathomable eyes glinted mournfully.

"Let us go home," said Teresa, who saw recognition dawn in the eyes of the poet.

"I met him at a ball in New York," Anne confided to her cousin on the way home that evening.

"Oh, Anne!" said Teresa, in a voice expressive of a ton of emotion.

Anne laughed frivolously.

## Leaves From a Cynic's Diary.

IT is an eloquent commentary on public taste that the stage depicts more Degenerates than Regenerates.

Everybody is in favor of reform in the drama except when an immoral show comes to town.

A play in order to be popular needs not to be vicious—all it requires is the reputation of viciousness.

Most men, instead of loving that which their reason commends, reason for that which their love commends.

Should you want to be voted a wise person, never give anyone advice, but pretend to take all the advice that is tendered you.

The average "good fellow" has really no goodness of heart at all. His judgment of whiskey is better trained than his judgment of humanity, and he makes friends only because they help him to enjoy himself.

'Tis a good thing there are ninety-nine fools to every wise man. Without so many fools there would be no place of real distinction for the hundredth fellow who gulls them.

Men read the papers that flatter their particular forms of insanity. If this were not generally true party organs would die of starvation.

## Mrs. Cassidy's Corner.

"GOOD mornin', Miss dear," Mrs. Cassidy's tone always somewhat indifferent, as if her thoughts might be wandering far from her greetings, was even more constrained than usual. To a keen observer it might have been suggested that the fine control that she usually exercised over every emotion had been temporarily relaxed.

"Twice well you came just now. I'll be away a bit early to-day. I have an engagement at two o'clock," Mrs. Cassidy's nostrils took on an ominous curve. As with her beautiful daughter Molly, I felt it boded some internal conflict. "Are you going to the matinee?" I asked, just for fun. "I am," said Mrs. Cassidy, with quite unnecessary decision, as if four stout reasons had been advanced why she should not.

"Are you surprised, Miss? An' so am I! I'll just tell you, if you'd please to hear, what's takin' me to a theater in the business time of the day. I've always said and thought that it does look idle beyond tellin' to be comin' out of a theater in broad daylight. Not that I'm setagin goin' other times. I always get a nice place to see Joe Mu'phy, the ould fave, an' I've seen George Munroe too, an' nearly choked laughin'." The craze for nayers never touched me, an' soon songs is what no decent woman wants to listen to; but I believe there's plenty to be heard at this matinee I'm to attend."

"And is Mr. Cassidy going?" I asked, innocently. Mrs. Cassidy rose with a suddenness which startled me. "He is not!" she said, with emphasis—in fact, so much of it that she knocked over a pyramid of shining red apples she had been deftly piling when I came up. It may have

been stooping to pick them up, or annoyance at their fall which heightened her ro-y color. "Cornelius Cassidy stays at home. At least if he doesn't, it's the first poor medicine I've had from the drug-shop round the corner," she said, explosively. The enormity of the thought caused me to forget my manners, and I enquired, "But you didn't—?"

"I just did, Miss dear. An' if I ever I get me pocket I'll show you why. I did it once before. God knows that was a desperate case, Miss dear, but not the equal of this one! Look over that, will you?" A small note, in a neat hand, addressed to Mr. Cornelius Cassidy, lay in her broad palm.

She averted her eyes from it, and her abstracted expression, hitherto a sure sign of the approach of her Dago neighbor, crept over her features. "Shall I read it?" I asked. "You might," said Mrs. Cassidy absently. It was only three lines:

"The girl with the curlin' hair will meet you at Shea's Theater on Monday at two o'clock." I handed the envelope back to Mrs. Cassidy in silence. She spoke slowly. "I've been lookin' after Cornelius for forty years, Miss dear. He has his faults, an' I know him, better than he does, maybe. This is a new one! If Cornelius was this side of seventy-five, I'd blame him; as it is, I blame her, an' it's Mrs. Cornelius Cassidy she'll have to deal with at two o'clock."

"But," I ventured, "it's only an advertisement."

"True for you, Miss dear. This likely a bargain. Well, I'm going to inspect the goods. I did think 'twas minded for Con, an' him doin' his best for Maeking, but he's been away from the town this six months, and the girls all know it. Don't they come askin' for news an' praisin' him every week, to Molly an' me? There's a red-headed one I do have some trouble with, she's that demitted over the Canadians, but sure, she knows he's in Africa. This letter was fer the poor ould man, an' there's good to be a do-to at the theater pristinly."

Mischief had tied my tongue so far, but I reflected on the pity of my Irish friend losing the sale of those nice apples and fuming about the door of the vaudeville, so I enlightened her as to the identity of the auburn-haired lady.

"Well, well, well! An' I paid fifteen cents for those powders," she said, wiping the mournful tears from her eyes.

"Ah, Miss dear, just kape from tellin' it, an' have the joke on Cornelius."

"There's something I was wantin' to talk to you about, Miss dear. 'Tis the new Irish Guards that the Queen's called fer. An' them wantin' to wear the kilts, did ye see by the paper?"

"Tis no dress for a grown man, an' the Queen's not likely to have them wear them! That's all along of recruitin' Irishmen fer the Scotch regiments. Once I saw the recruits d' in 'bayonet drill' in a Scotch town where I went to see Cornelius' oldest by his first—a nice woman, that was married to a Scotchman; the mother of her was Scotch, you know. It was lunge, an' poke, an' thrust, till I thought they would twist their spines, an' says one of them, says he, 'Be jabers, I'm through this next week, praise the saints!'

I never heard nicer Irish than from that Highlander, Miss dear! He looked well in his kilts, barrin' a thrille of a knock-knee, as was all right for him. I bin in a Scotch regiment. O'r forfurther wore kilts, says the newspaper gentleman, an' says Cornelius, 'Aw, go further back, says he, when I read it, an' dress the new Irish Guards in skins of beasts; when we're doin' it let's do it well; kilts indeed!' says he. 'Nive I'd look in 'em' says he. But indeed, Miss dear, 'twas Arillery he was in, the Crimea, and not Guards, as you'd guess from the height of him."

"I heard a fat man grumblin' this mornin' that the Jews were spoilin' the whiskey. The Kentucky whiskey isn't what it was, 'tis half water, all along of the Jews," says he. Of course, Miss dear, you know notin' of that; of course not, but it beats all the things they do blame on the Jews. If they set a poor play at the Grand, 'tis the Jews. If they want to bring every Frenchy within an inch of the asylum, 'tis the Jews. You'd think they'd do enough not to need these trifles to make them dislik'd. I wish you'd look into

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that thing about the whiskey, Miss dear, and tell me the rights of it, just fer the sake of Cornelius; the little he takes I'd like to be good! My, ch my, the poor ould man. I feel a bit small when I think of him, An', Miss dear, I just was forgettin' to tell you. Th' apples is out, an' I'll be taking me vacation until the harvest apples come in. The garden's to be spaded, an' the tatoes to be plant'd. (I have a plot of 'em just fer old times' sake), an' there's the house to be cleaned. I'll just say good-bye to y'u, Miss dear, till the early harvests is ripe, and then I'll be back at the ould corner, please God. Good-bye, Miss dear, and a blessin' on ye!"

AMANDA.

## Interesting Figures in Current Events.

The man who first adopted khaki as a suitable color for military uniforms is said to be Col. Dullier, a Belgian engineer, who has spent many years in the British service.



COL. DULLIER.

It was wholly by accident that he fell upon the usefulness of the color. Far from him and a supply of cloth out of which the regular uniforms of the English army were made, all his wardrobe was stolen. The only cloth to be found on the spur of the necessity was khaki, but even that was good to find, and by the assistance of a native tailor a uniform was constructed that attracted the attention of the officers under whom he was serving. Col. Dullier still has in his possession the first khaki coat ever worn by a soldier. The fact that it so nearly matched the color of the soil was soon recognized and that it rendered its wearer less conspicuous as a target for the enemy's bullets forced itself on the attention of the authorities. Khaki signifies dust color. It is therefore quite proper to speak of khaki cotton, flannel, silk, hose, dog, cow, or khaki anything so long as it is khaki color. Khaki is "dust color." It has absolutely no other meaning.

Mr. Alfred Picard, the Director-General of the Paris Exposition, is likely to loom large in the public eye for many months to come. Picard is being severely blamed in some quarters for the unpopularity of the Fair, but his friends assert that it is only owing to his marvellous executive ability and hard work that the opening took place when it did, instead of being postponed, as in the case of the Chicago World's



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.  
Sails: Tuesday, May 23, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, June 5, 10 a.m.  
Lahr, Tuesday, June 12, 10 a.m.  
Trave, Saturday, June 16, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Marie Theresia, Tuesday, June 19, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, July 3, 10 a.m.

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.  
Sails: Thursday, May 31, noon.  
Barbarossa, Thursday, June 7, noon.

## MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.  
Kaiser Wm. II., June 2, 8 a.m.; June 16, 8 a.m.; June 23, 8 a.m.; Kaiser Wm. II., July 7, 8 a.m.; July 21, 8 a.m.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

19 Yonge Street, Toronto

## AMERICAN LINE

Fast Express Service  
New York—Southampton—London  
Sailing Westbound at Cherbourg  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.

St. Louis, May 23, 10 a.m.; June 13, 10 a.m.  
New York, May 28, 10 a.m.; June 20, 10 a.m.  
St. Paul, June 6, 10 a.m.; June 27, 10 a.m.

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.  
Westernland, May 23, 10 a.m.; June 6, 10 a.m.  
Kensington, May 30, 10 a.m.; June 13, 10 a.m.

These steamers carry cabin and third-class passengers at low rates.  
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## PARIS

Have you reserved your berth yet?  
Some vacant in both first and second cabin on the English Channel lines. Three express and four regular ships every week.  
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## The Wabash Railroad Company

Is now acknowledged to be the great through car line between the east and the west, the best appointed and most up-to-date railroad in America. All Wabash trains have free reclining chair cars, and are solid, wide vestibule from head-light to rear platform. Passengers leaving Toronto via evening trains reach St. Louis, Mo., next afternoon at 2 p.m.; Kansas City, 9:30 p.m.; far away Texas and Colorado points next afternoon. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

## West Shore Railroad.

Excursion to Boston, Friday, May 25th.

A \$10 excursion ticket will be made from stations on the West Shore Railroad, between Suspension Bridge and Syracuse inclusive, for the excursion to Boston on Friday, May 25th; tickets good going and returning on regular trains up to and including June 4th.

This will be a splendid opportunity to visit Boston at a very low rate; there being several points of interest which everybody should see, and advantage should be taken of this excursion.

Apply to West Shore agents for further information, or address H. Parry, General Agent, No. 219 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

## Broilers in Sleeping Cars.

This is what you find in the sleeper which runs between Toronto and New York via the Canadian Pacific and New York Central. Any kind of a chop, steak, or chicken can be served from the buffet on short notice. Patrons of this line will appreciate this as a step in the right direction.

## Anecdotal.

The undaunted Corporal Calhoun, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day. "No, no," said he; "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

Sir William MacCormac's love of fresh air led to an amusing incident at a lecture which he was giving one night in a crowded hall. Finding the atmosphere bad, he opened a window at the rear of the platform. In a few minutes it was shut by an official busybody. Sir William, noticing this, at once put his stick through the glass, and said, "Shut it now, if you can."

One day, in advocating a more liberal loosening of the purse-strings at the recent Methodist Conference in Washington, D.C., Bishop W. A. Candler said that several years ago he sent an article to a paper in which he wrote that "we pray too loud and work too little." The intelligent compositor got in his fine Italian hand, and when the article appeared it read, "We pray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop.

The proverbial promise of the printer is like "Old Tomorrow." Sometimes it is exasperating.

What we promise—we perform. It has almost revolutionized the established order of things, having your printed stationery delivered when promised.

"Ready when promised"—visiting-cards, engraving and printing.

WM. TYRRELL & CO., No. 8 King Street West.

"the fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never attempt to correct it."

H. C. Barnabee, the popular comedian of the Bostonians, tells a story about a baby which made the hit of the evening at a certain performance of Patience, in which he took part. "There was a young couple up in the gallery," he says, "and they had the baby contingent along. My thunderous tones repeating my lines, 'Where the dust of an earthy to-morrow' awakened the baby, and it began to cry loud and long. Then came my lines, 'It's a little thing of my own.' I made the most of them, and the house caught on and yelled itself hoarse."

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scottish minister. He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land, to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so that they might have some fresh air in the room. "Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can have no fresh air in this house on the Sabbath?"

Here is an anecdote concerning the late Duke of Argyll. Many years ago he was travelling northwards by rail with the Duke of Newcastle of those days, when their graces got into conversation with a commercial traveller, who was the only other occupant of the compartment, and to whom they were unknown. The conversation proved very interesting to all the party, and was only interrupted by the departure of the Duke of Newcastle from the train at one of the stopping places. The commercial traveller, observing with surprise that his late travelling companion was received by a retinue of servants and railway officials in such a manner as showed him to be a person of high distinction, "Hello!" he exclaimed, turning to the Duke of Argyll, "who is that, then?" "That's the Duke of Newcastle," answered the Duke of Argyll, serenely. "Well, I'm eldest," said the commercial, "He is an affable fellow. Fancy him talking in such a friendly way to two little snobs like you and me!"

Robert Browning used to tell a story which illustrated with startling effect his sensitiveness to outward impressions. It was an incident which occurred in a remote section of France where he used to spend his holidays. He had taken a stroll toward sunset with his sister, and had reached the crest of a hill which commanded a broad prospect. It was a lovely summer afternoon, and the landscape, with its soft and mellow tints enveloped with yellow haze, was a dream of peace and tranquillity. "Could there be anything more restful than this scene?" the poet exclaimed. "The whole world seems at peace!" What it was that impelled him to do it, the poet could not afterward explain, unless it was a subtle sense of the necessity for a strong contrasting effect; but he caught his sister's hand, and pointing directly down into the valley below, added: "Do you see that potato-patch there? What would you say if there were a man lying there at this moment who had been cruelly murdered?" His sister smiled grimly over the suddenness of the conceit, and they strolled homeward. The strangest part of the story remains to be told. There was a man lying murdered in the potato-patch at the moment when Mr. Browning pointed toward it. The body was found within a few hours, and not long afterward the murderer was arrested and convicted. The poet's sensitiveness to contrasting effects in nature and in life had enabled him unconsciously to play the part of detective. If the occurrence had been in the United States or Canada, instead of in the slow-going Old World, Browning might have been tried for murder. The detectives would have had a fine circumstantial case against him, and could probably have worked up a motive.

## The Ways of an Automobile.

DON'T go riding in an automobile unless you have several hundreds of dollars crying out for a pleasant investment. Don't go unless your chaplain is an amiable man who will promise to let you "run it" when you are clear of the trolley cars. Don't go unless you are in want of several different degrees of terror and ecstasy. But of course these don'ts won't influence you a bit. The automobile appeals to you, or it does not. Properly an automobile was the world, just as it was about the bicycle, and the finish will be the same. Persons now turning up their noses and fault-finding with the blessed go-cart of the future; Dreyfusites who suspect a French name and a French fail as being destructive and demonic; nervous men who have street-crossings always with them; conservative old ladies who are direct descendants of those who pronounced the Watts steam-engine an invention of Satan; all the unresponsive, self-conscious, prejudiced section of humanity now denouncing or disapproving, will shortly be seated in little choo-choos of their own or their rich friends', and careering blissfully through the country, wondering how they were formerly contented with a jog-trot.

This properly comes as a direct result of my experience one sweet afternoon recently, and about which I am thinking continually. The nice man and the automobile were at the door, and with a curious sense of something wanting, I settled myself in the seat beside the expert. One does miss the goos and the reins and never a whip to swing! All the way out Queen street, Thomas could have taken lessons in doubting from me. Whether

we'd kill someone or get killed was the only alternative in my doubt. It seemed a sure way or the other, but somehow we stopped just before climbing the back vestibule of a trolley. We swerved round a lame man leading a blind man at Dundas street; we made a braiding pattern in the dust round a bevy of youngsters who, charged with reckless curiosity, ran across our track and halted there, cheering and raising my hair; we bumped and humped safely over the torn-up roadway in Parkdale, and with a good many snorts climbed the railway track and glided safely and gracefully into High Park.

By and by, the nice man said, "Will you take my place?" and I was squarely facing the difficulty of learning to do three things at once. I recalled my bicycle lessons. "Look straight ahead, keep your hand on your brake, and don't forget to pedal." Well, here we were, the nice man on your hand on the power, while the long-handled rudder occupied the spare hand. It was manifest that bicycle lessons and auto-mobile practice were going to be mixed, to my embarrassment. However, I said nothing of my difficulties to the nice man, who may have conjectured them, when my random answers to his remarks were gradually growing more imbecile and incoherent as we sailed out the north gate and took to the country road—a rutty road. It is three years since I learned about them in Prince Edward Island. Beside, on a bicycle you only navigate over it and its mud-holes. On an automobile you have two to look after. I envied a farm horse coming along, trotting so serenely careless of the wagon and the ruts behind him. I saw that a horse and a human should keep troubles in that position, but an automobile would always be unable to do so.

Here is an anecdote concerning the late Duke of Argyll. Many years ago he was travelling northwards by rail with the Duke of Newcastle of those days, when their graces got into conversation with a commercial traveller, who was the only other occupant of the compartment, and to whom they were unknown. The conversation proved very interesting to all the party, and was only interrupted by the departure of the Duke of Newcastle from the train at one of the stopping places. The commercial traveller, observing with surprise that his late travelling companion was received by a retinue of servants and railway officials in such a manner as showed him to be a person of high distinction, "Hello!" he exclaimed, turning to the Duke of Argyll, "who is that, then?" "That's the Duke of Newcastle," answered the Duke of Argyll, serenely. "Well, I'm eldest," said the commercial, "He is an affable fellow. Fancy him talking in such a friendly way to two little snobs like you and me!"

There was a rush of lake breeze, a vision of budding trees, then the automobile saw a bed of hepaticus under the trees, and leaped over to them. Don't ask me why I didn't shut off steam! I did do something which seemed to me equivalent. I jammed the brake hard on, and let the power go as it would. And the woods rang with wild laughter. It was not I who laughed! I'd be ashamed of such a laugh. What you do, insane things with your bicycle at your first lesson, you always have a trump in reserve. You can fall off, and any man will run to pick you up, while he never thinks of laughing. In an automobile there is no resource. You do idiotic things, and unless they result in a dislocation of your neck, or a swoon, you just have to sit there and hear those wild, hilarious notes of the superior being at your side. Of course he might have grabbed violently at the gauge and kicked your foot off the brake, but a man who just lightly assault even a lady automobilist, who is, judging by my feelings as we jiggled about over the hepaticus, the least of all creation. Something in my profile must have betrayed my thoughts, for the man suggested that he should take the matter out of my hands and get us back on the road, which he did, with many tactful remarks upon my nerve and skill, and predictions that I should be proficient in three lessons. The automobile has got on my nerves. When I play the piano and put my foot on the pedal, I am apt to lay hold of a sharp or a flat with my right hand for a steam gauge, and wander about among the bass notes for a steering-bar. In my dreams I run down whole ranks of orthopedic patients, and squads of blind men. Horses run over baby carriages while I climb to the roofs of belt line cars. I plunge into Dismal Swamp, and race madly down slippery precipices. The Western express catches me balking on the track at High Park gate (by the way, what a fiendish piece of carelessness it is not to have a subway there!), and if I don't get another automobile lesson very soon, I fear I may be driven to drink or the Island, whereon automobiles may not run!

## LADY GAY.

## Prepare For Accidents.

A wise mother will always keep a well-tried and reliable remedy in the house for burns and scalds, which are liable to happen at any time. Griffith's Mercol Liniment takes out all the pain and fire from the burn or scald; it immediately produces that cooling sensation, a virtue possessed only by this remedy. Use this for baby's bumps or bruises, headache, sprains, stings or bites of insects, sunburn, etc. Griffith's Mercol Liniment is the key to quick relief from any pain. It is pleasant to use, clean to apply, and relieves instantly. A bottle should be kept handy in every home. All druggists, 25c and 75c.

## Let a Man Know

That his clothes are right, correct in fashion, becoming in pattern, a true fit, and he feels natural and easy and bears himself accordingly. That knowledge must be born, not so much of his own ideas, as of confidence in the tailor who makes his clothes. Frank Broderick & Co. dress a man so that he knows he is dressed properly without worrying himself endeavoring theoretically to understand it.

## An Attractive Woman is made so by Attention to Details.

Preserves and beautifies her shoes, assuring perfection in one of the chief details of woman's appearance. 25c. at All Shoe Stores. L. H. Packard & Co., Montreal

## Packard's

## Ladies' Special

## DRESSING.....

Preserves and beautifies her shoes, assuring perfection in one of the chief details of woman's appearance. 25c. at All Shoe Stores. L. H. Packard & Co., Montreal

## LADY GAY.

## Prepare For Accidents.

A wise mother will always keep a well-tried and reliable remedy in the house for burns and scalds, which are liable to happen at any time. Griffith's Mercol Liniment takes out all the pain and fire from the burn or scald; it immediately produces that cooling sensation, a virtue possessed only by this remedy. Use this for baby's bumps or bruises, headache, sprains, stings or bites of insects, sunburn, etc. Griffith's Mercol Liniment is the key to quick relief from any pain. It is pleasant to use, clean to apply, and relieves instantly. A bottle should be kept handy in every home. All druggists, 25c and 75c.

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Oom Shultz—Wouldn't it be a great joke unit a great saving of life if der Queen Victoria unit Oom Paul could git married, sin't it?  
O'Grady (who has domestic troubles)—Dade an' it would thot, an' thin they could fight it out at home.

## An Almost Perfect Woman's Wheel.

A woman, just as much as a man, wants the best in bicycle. The necessities are meeting the demand. The Cleveland, it is well said, is "a love of a wheel for a lady." It is a little lighter than last season, but a stouter and more handsome wheel for women than ever before. In the grace and beauty of its lines a distinction is attained that delights the discriminating wheelwoman. The accuracy of construction and finishing is so great in the Cleveland wheels that the words of a well-known manufacturer applied to it not long ago are a truism. He said: "The parts of ten thousand Cleveland machines might be interchanged without affecting the adjustment of any one of the ten thousand." Nothing is done by guess or left to chance. The many minor matters that go to the making of a modern bicycle are given the attention which alone assures a reputation for reliability. The Cleveland reputation is based on merit. The qualities of the Cleveland bicycle are matchless. The introduction on the Cleveland of the combined ball and roller bearings marked one of the greatest gains in recent years in the reduction of friction. A better understanding of it is worth reading. In ordinary bearings the balls, while moving in the same general direction, are in reality revolving one against the other—the rear surf of one ball rubbing against the front surface of the next ball—this causes friction. The Cleveland ball and roller bearing overcomes this fault. It consists of a steel cage so constructed that a small stationary roller is placed between each ball in the bearings. This roller moving as it does in unison with the balls, prevents friction. Further improvements in the construction of the bearings this season allow the balls and rollers more freedom to play, and at the same time permit the rollers being more securely held. The perfection of this little device is of itself a triumph in the art of bicycle making. The Cleveland skeleton frame, a popular feature, is greatly improved this season. It is absolutely dust-proof. With the perfection of the bevel-gear mechanism in the Cleveland Chainless bicycle, wheelwoman will find in this famous wheel all that the most skillful artisans, working with the mechanical appliances of an unlimited capital command, are able to produce to-day. Wheelwoman may see these beautiful specimens and perfect products of the art of bicycle making at the Cleveland showrooms in Toronto, at 117 Yonge street, or at any of the Cleveland agencies in other towns and cities all over Canada.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up more than the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

May Flower—Kindly read rules. You did not enclose a coupon. When you do, send another study, as I shall not keep this one.

Pete, Westport.—It shows a good deal of vitality, some enterprise, good-natured and easy temper, good discretion and a tendency to hesitate before taking people into your confidence. Honesty of purpose and clear thought, determination and a tendency to look well after yourself and your interests show; a generally conservative but not hide-bound person.

## Heart Disease.

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Troubles.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and the Pneumogastric.

In another way also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half-digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular, persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

## JEFFREY'S LIQUID RENNET

Junket made from this Liquid Rennet is a wholesome and easily prepared dish for Dessert or Tea Table. The lightest and most grateful diet for Invalids and Children.

PREPARED BY ANDREW JEFFREY

COR. YONGE & CARLTON, TORONTO.

## Housewives and Cooks

Salt is of the first importance, not only in the preparation and preservation of food, but also to its proper assimilation and digestion.

A pure, soluble, wholesome Salt is a necessity in every well-managed kitchen, and to secure this use only

## Windsor Salt

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## O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL—NO DREGS—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers.

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

## LAXATIVE LOGIC

To induce a cathartic action of the bowels without the objectionable effects, such as griping, etc., so common to the majority of laxatives, no remedy responds to the need of the patient with more satisfaction and celerity than

CANTARA LAXATIVE TABLETS (Dr. Sims)

There is no remedy that stimulates nature so well in its effect; no other is better suited to the permanent relief of intestinal inactivity or constipation. Its gentle effect produces the natural function of the bowels. By the use of CANTARA LAXATIVE TABLETS they do not produce the cathartic taking habit, and in all cases where a laxative is indicated they are a help, not a hindrance.

25 cents per box of all druggists, or from The DR. SIMS TABLET CO., Toronto, Ont.

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We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber and Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices. Send 2c. stamp for circular.

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WE CAN PLEASE THEM.

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BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL 'UBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES

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## Studio and Gallery

**"Y"** E Guild of Maudstickers' "genial welcome" to "ye olde boys" last week, to view some "alleged" works of art perpetrated by them during the season. In keeping with the lofty aims of these "younge boys," their sanctum is above the dwellings of men, on a top floor, many flights up. By special privilege we viewed these "misdemeanors in art."

The young impressionist in charge was busily executing, with a rag, themes in light and shade, on an Auer Light lamp glass. As an impressionist effect, the results were satisfactory, for some minutes later the remains of the glass were to be seen disconnected on the floor. The flavor of bread and cheese, the staples for the evening's feast, was much in evidence. Around the large and airy room were pinned many of the victims of the season's posing; some creations of the imagination which proved how near akin to madness is genius; and some transpositions of familiar objects into the domain of sentiment. However, there is more than fun goes on in "Ye Maudstickers' Guild." The young men who spend several evenings in the week there, drawing and painting, are supporting themselves all day by some artistic occupation. That of itself is enough to make any one serious and commonplace enough.

To perfect themselves in their particular department and to reach greater things are no doubt their aims. Several are lithographers of the Grip or the Toronto Lithographing Company, whose work must be improved thereby. Nearly all work in different mediums, pastel, pen-and-ink, water-color and oils; but black-and-white predominates. E. L. Laur hopes to find himself, in modelling, and meanwhile keeps the human features and form fairly in sight. Nell McKechnie and A. A. Brown produce figures also, cleverly; H. A. Sloan is a budding caricaturist, for which there is ample room in this matter-of-fact land; Fred Haines has facility in various mediums, and in out-door sketching; J. Macdonald's designing will surely bear fruit, as will A. A. Martin's, who seemed to excel quite in this department, as several clever studies from nature showed. J. F. Kyle seems to be the funny man of the club, and can make a line hit hard. Some dainty furniture designs, etc., by Edgar McGuire are feminine in delicacy of touch and masculine in reasonableness and strength. A very good head of a letter-carrier was by Norman Price, T. G. Green, A. C. Goede and Arthur Blumhart completed the coterie of youthful artists represented by the experiment in these art studies. In summer the club will sketch from nature.

The Art Students' League of New York had not a much more important genesis than the club. It is now twenty-five years since its organization. It met in a room twenty feet by thirty; had no money to speak of; did its own carpentering; hired a professor free; went ahead and thrived. To-day it has 383 members and 400 students in its schools; lives in the Fine Arts Society building; and spent last year \$36,766.52. Practical classes have been introduced this year to give the necessary opportunities for applied art. Lectures on perspective, progressive composition, sketching, illustration, modelling, mural decoration and other branches of art have been given by different professors, and also a series of free lectures to the people. To celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary it proposes to have a retrospective display of its work from its inception. Many names now well known in art were on the roll of its students. To be a recognized member of it is a guarantee of some sort of professional standing. C. T. Turner, its present president, has painted several mural decorations of note, was assistant director of decoration of the World's Fair, will be director of color and

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**ARTISTS' COLORMEN.**  
EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST.

## Valuable Oil Paintings

-BY-

T. MOWER MARTIN  
FOR SALE.

A gentleman leaving the city offers at a bargain two valuable paintings. The subjects are

**FRUIT and**  
**EARLY MORNING ON THE PRAIRIE**

the latter showing a splendid herd of the now nearly extinct Buffalo. Paintings on view at

Mr. Lynde's Studio, 101 King Street West.

**GEO. CHAVIGNAUD**  
Studio—43 Adelaide St. East, Room 6  
Water Colors in Landscapes and Marines

**R. F. GAGEN,**  
Studio—90 Yonge Street.  
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

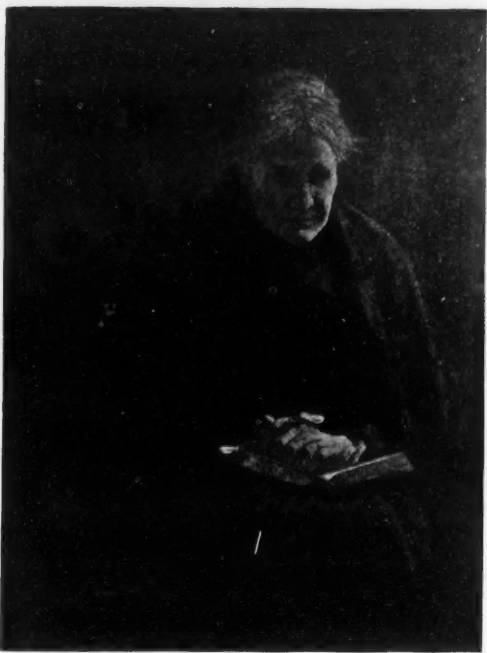
**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
... PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio: 34 King Street West

**MISS EDITH HEMMING**  
MINIATURES ON IVORY  
Water-Color Portraits  
882 Church Street, Toronto

decoration at the Pan-American Exposition, and is a member of at least five standard art societies.

The Applied Art Exhibition, we understand, is to remain open this week. It seemed to us a favorable opportunity to interest the public in the beautifying of all the articles in daily use in our lives, public and private, other than merely by presenting these objects. This in itself is, of course, a good object lesson. But lectures or gatherings such as the League above referred to arrangements for would have insisted still more on applied art. But, as we have said before, the Ontario Society of Artists is not notorious for making the most of its public opportunities—rather, we should say, its collective opportunities. Some of its members are living in the seventeenth century; some in the nineteenth and two or three in the twentieth.

The portrait of Sir William Howland, painted by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., for the National Club, is now on the walls, where are to hang also those of other members of the club. Such a portrait could not have been in safer hands. Mr. Grier is an artist who, by attempt-



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART, No. 3—"EVENING TIME OF LIFE," BY MISS S. TULLY, O.S.A.

ing the middle way between the two extremes of impressionism and realism, gets nearest the truth in portraiture. His people reveal a well-grounded belief in the substantiality of the human anatomy, as well as a knowledge of its construction. There are individuals inside the clothes he paints. They are not splashes of flat paint, but have muscles, and bones, and life. On the other hand they are also more than mere material structures, more than colored photography. There is the reproducing of the individuality, the ego of the subject, which escapes the eye of the pseudo-artist—some touch which insists on the identity of his particular subject. Long experience in his art has taught him where to look for it. His technique has given him a place in the art institutions of the country, and also in the British Royal Academy.

There are many portraits being made these days. A young artist told us recently that in the past five years he had made not less than two thousand. Think of it! What a calamity to the next generation! There never have been, we think, so many portraits painted—or we prefer to say "made"—in Toronto as are being "done" at present. And there should, perhaps, be a great many more, both to honor the worthy past and to perpetuate the worthy present. These should be creations which will live, however; works which will adequately represent the present and be of benefit in the future. Yet how few there seem to be who, with justifiable confidence in their own knowledge, can determine what is excellent and desirable in a portrait. We have portraits presented to societies, educational and all kinds, and received with smiling approval, portraits which are little more than caricatures. New York is busy now weeding out its public statues, of which a most grotesque description appears in one of its leading papers. The very horses on the street refuse to pass some of them. Let us hope that a public bonfire will some day in the coming century reduce a lot of the portraiture painted at present for public places. Of course the financial question determines the question of the artist often. There are cheap Johns in all departments of work. We never do much trafficking ourselves at a bargain counter, chiefly because we are fond of a bargain. For those who have little means and who must have preserved to them tangibly the impression of loved and lost ones, we have all sympathy. They must take the best they can get. We know they can get a fairly faithful likeness, in color, which is so much more preferable than black-and-white, very reasonably; but for public institutions, where means are not a consideration, or should not be, only the best is worth doing. No second-hand dealers in art should be patronized at such a time. We have a few, a very few, guaranteed portrait artists in Toronto whose work will live. E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., is one of them.

The picture of a policeman artist has been one of the features of this year's Academy in London. A policeman has great opportunities for the study of nature and of human life, and this one has used his opportunities to good advantage. His studio is in the attic of his cottage. His work hours the time between "beats." His subjects are of more artistic matters than might be expected to have attracted the notice of a caretaker of the public

peace. The one accepted by the Academy is a study in early spring. Beeches, birches, bracken, air and light are the theme. In color it must be tender and in effect delightfully fresh. Six months of his spare time went on his loved picture. The one rejected by the Academy is very similar. "Getting your picture hung at the Academy," says Mr. Jones, "is all a matter of luck." He has exhibited since 1895 in the Art Gallery of Leeds. His work is to be found in the drawing-rooms of many prominent Yorkshire families.

Munkacsy, the vivid depicter of realistic battle-pieces and other works of brilliant force, is dead. Death was to him, surely, a thing to be coveted. A diseased mind had long preyed upon his body. Of his works one has said: "He was addicted to the use of bitumen, and this not only played havoc with his canvases, slowly but surely destroying the values, but it was a symbol of his readiness to achieve an immediate effect at the expense of depth and permanent charm. Good brushman though he was, the impression he leaves is more theatrical than artistic. He could paint an effective composition, and carry it out on a large

scale with considerable force, but there was always something meretricious about his work; it had surface brilliancy, but no soul."

JEAN GRANT.

## The Aim.

O Thou who lovest not alone  
The swift success, the instant goal,  
But hast a lenient eye to mark  
The failures of the inconstant soul.

Consider not my little worth—  
The mean achievement, scamped in act—  
The high resolve and low result,  
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire,  
Let this be something in Thy sight—  
I have not, in the slothful dark,  
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul  
To earth's low ease will yield consent.  
I praise Thee for the will to strive;  
I bless Thy god of discontent.  
—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the "Crit-  
terion."

## Two New Yorkers.

One Gives the Other a Handy Lift.

Mr. E. C. Hazard, one of the oldest and best-known wholesale grocers in New York, has for many years given his attention to the preparation of fine food delicacies. He has a farm and experiment station down on Staten Island, where the famous Shrewsbury Ketchup, Burnt Onion Sauce, Shrewsbury Mushrooms and other delicacies are prepared in a most skillful manner.

One evening last autumn while on his way home, Mr. H. sat with one of the officials of the N. J. C. railroad, who seemed to be living with one foot in the grave—stomach so badly disordered that nothing would digest. It seemed only a question of a few weeks, at most, when death would come.

"Mr. Hazard insisted upon taking the gentleman to his house and giving him a package of Grape-Nuts breakfast food which is manufactured by the Postum Cereal Co., at the pure food factories at Battle Creek, Mich., a food which Mr. Hazard had been using at his own table for a long time, greatly to his benefit.

"He told the gentleman that he could get well in a few weeks by the use of perfectly prepared food of this sort, and would never forget the day when he first tried Grape-Nuts. The prediction came true; the official is not only alive to-day, but is in better health than he has experienced for many years, all of which he attributes to the use of Grape-Nuts and from the advice of Mr. Hazard."

There are two reasons for this; in the first place, Grape-Nuts are made from certain selected portions of wheat and barley that contain phosphate of potash and albumen which nature uses in the human system to make up the gray matter in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

## Curious Bits of News.

It is said that the Great Powers are being approached to obtain such a modification of the Geneva Convention as would secure protection for persons who, after a battle, might go to the succor of wounded horses. Julian Ralph's vivid description of the condition of these poor beasts on the South African battle fields has aroused public sentiment in Britain in favor of such a provision. Meantime the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken the matter up with the War Office. Although nothing has yet been definitely arranged, it is hoped that before the present campaign is much older the stricken horse will have that merciful attention which his faithful and uncomplaining service deserves.

Numerous books have been published on the effect of music on animals. Professor McConnell, an eminent Scottish agriculturist, is one of those who believe that cows and sheep do appreciate melody. At the Eastern Counties Dairy Farmers' dinner the other day he stated that music, suitable in quality and administered at the right moment, was a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.

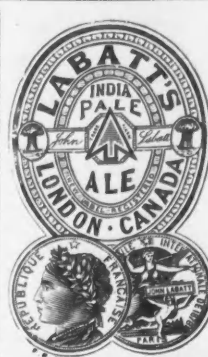
Only one man who served in the Confederate Senate during the war is now to be found in the United States Senate—Senator Vest, of Missouri. When he retires, which is expected to take place before long, the last of the Confederate Senators will have passed from public life.

Here is a queer story from Chicago: "People outside of such a city as this have no conception of the power of the unions. A young man, clerk in a grocery store, had purchased a lot, and erected a small, cheap house upon it. Running out of money, he attempted to paint the little frame building at odd hours himself. After he had worked at it for a day or two, a delegate of the Painters' Union called upon his employer, and told him his clerk must not paint his own house. If he wanted it painted he must hire a union painter; if he had not money enough to do that, the house must go unpainted. So the young man had to stop. If he had not, a boycott would have been declared against his employer, and would have ruined his business. So that little house, with one half painted, remains a tribute to the power of organized labor."

## A Shrewd Wager.

"SPEAKING of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveller to a New Orleans newspaperman, "I am reminded of a curious experience, and incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going West over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow passengers in the Pullman was a racehorse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading everything up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society.

"Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposite, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire, when all of a sudden the whole car was shaken by a series of swift and heavy concussions. We both realized instantly what had happened. The train had jumped the track and was at that moment bumping its way over the ties, preliminary to heaven only knew what kind of a plunge. We were at that time in a part of Kansas that is full of ravines and gullies, and short bridges are of frequent occurrence. That disquieting fact flashed into our minds simultaneously. 'Bet ya' a hundred we're on a trestle!' yelled the Louisville man, above the pounding of the wheels. 'Take ya'!' I yelled back, and with that the coach gave a sickening lurch and rolled completely over. When I extricated myself from a broken window I found we had stopped on level ground, and while everybody was more or less cut and bruised, no one was killed. I encountered my Kentucky friend wandering about the wreck, and he promptly handed me a hundred-dollar bill. 'What made you take me up so quick?' he asked. 'Because if we had been on a trestle we would all have been killed,' I replied, 'and you couldn't have collected the bet. I stood to win, but not to lose.' 'That's so,' he said, regretfully. 'Next time this happens I'll take the other end.'



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**Labatt's**  
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**INDIA PALE ALE**

The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.

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**Is A Life Preserver**

**ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT**

If you were floundering around helplessly in the water, you would grasp wildly at a life preserver. Why? Because it was your only chance of life! Your health is your life—the very essence of life! But because you think you are safe on land you don't bother about preserving it. Abbey's Salt will keep you constantly healthful. If your stomach is out of order—perhaps from a dyspeptic condition—perhaps from excesses in eating or drinking; if your liver isn't working right and you are constipated; if you are bilious; if your head aches; if you are temporarily bothered with any of these illnesses in an incipient form, you owe it to yourself to remedy this condition at once—if you neglect these things, they'll become chronic. Preserve your health by the daily use of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT. It has done it and is still doing it for hundreds of thousands the world over. It will do it for you!

Dr. J. MacMunn Holly, New York, states: "Your Abbey's Salt has proved a success. I use it extensively in my practice and find it particularly useful in Torpidity of the Liver, attended by Constipation. Its other uses are legion."

You wouldn't think of only taking a bath once a year. Why should you only clean up your system every Spring? Be rational; you want daily—not once-a-year—health. Take Abbey's Salt and enjoy constant good health. All Druggists, etc. and 60c. per bottle.

## Slower Ships, but More Comfort

THE evolution of the steamship is as interesting as a novel, says the "Saturday Evening Post." Take the cattle-ship: It began as a huge freight boat, and it was found that amidships there was room for a few passengers. The few passengers liked it wonderfully because of the smooth sailing and the moderate cost. Then gradually more state-rooms were built, and in addition to cattle the ships were soon carrying large cargoes of human beings. The other type was the ocean greyhound, burning fortunes in coal on each voyage—using men and machinery in a strenuous effort to make records, and in the meanwhile churning the stomachs of the passengers during six days of unhappiness. These did not pay the dividends, but they made fine advertisements. Now, finally, the compromise has come: the compromise. On each side of the ocean splendid ships are being built which exceed the greyhound in the luxuries and beauties, and which slightly excel the cattle-ships in speed. In other words, the steamship companies have come to appreciate that the average traveller wants comfort. So it happens that at least a dozen million dollars are now being spent in this new type of boat.

The other day, at the Cramps' yard on the Delaware, the keel of the largest ship ever built in the western hemisphere was laid—a leviathan which will be nearly 600 feet long, with a tonnage of 12,500. She is built by the same company that owns the St. Paul, St. Louis, Paris and New York, but, unlike them, she will have great, broad bilge keels that will keep her almost as steady as a railroad train. It will take a day or so longer for the passage on a boat of this kind, but the passengers will enjoy life in the meanwhile. There will be two of the same type, and other companies are building somewhat similar ships.

Two will be launched in England this month. There never was a time when the popularity of ocean travel was so great, and it is an interesting

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine  
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Must Bear Signature of

*W. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. *W. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

fact that every steamship company in the world is at work and is making money.

Smith—Every Englishman is willing to bear arms for his country. Brown—Yes; and every Scotchman is willing to bare legs.—Chicago "News."



**CELERY KING**  
Cures Constipation

Spring is particularly the time of the year in which one dreads constipation. The bowels do not free the body of filth and the liver becomes surcharged with poisonous matter. One fears constipation, because it may induce typhoid fever or other diseases. Celery King is a pleasant laxative. Contains food for the nerves and purifies the blood. Celery King is a spring medicine.

25c. the package. Druggists, or the Woodward Medicine Co., Limited, 299 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



## Music.

**M**ADAME NORDICA, the representative United States concert soprano, was the great drawing attraction at the closing musical event in the Massey Hall course on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. She was greeted by a large and fashionable assemblage. Mme. Nordica was in fine voice, and she gave a selection of a dozen short songs of varied styles with her accustomed vocal finish and significance of interpretation. While it is quite true that the short forms of composition may be as much distinguished for the art in them as the more extended forms, it was a disappointment to me and many others that Mme. Nordica did not attempt a single number requiring a demand upon her dramatic expression, or which rose to a high emotional plane. This was a pity, because Mme. Nordica has sufficient color and fullness in her voice as well as temperament to sing dramatic arias very effectively. Her list included two numbers by McDowell, one by Grieg and others by Bemberg, Weber, Hahn and Strauss, all little lyrics. Mme. Nordica was assisted by Mr. Hoffman, the solo violinist, who played Servais' fantasia on Schubert's Berceuse, by Godard, which seems to have a great vogue at concerts in one form or other; Popp's Serenade Op. 10, No. 1, and Scherzo by Van Goens. Mr. Hoffman is an artistic and satisfactory player. His tone is pure and his intonation accurate, and he phrases well and is a singer on his instrument. His technique, while ample, is perhaps not dazzling, and he has not the breadth of tone shown by Hollman, but his playing has always a special charm of its own. The second assisting artist was Mr. Julian Walker, a baritone with a somewhat veiled voice, but who has a method which skilfully conceals the weak points. His principal numbers were the Star of Eve, from Tannhauser, and the baritone aria from Der Freischütz, with songs by Brahms, Schumann and Secc. Both singers were well received, although Mme. Nordica did not arouse the same degree of enthusiasm as on her former appearances, probably owing to the character of her selections. Mr. E. Romayne Simons was the accompanist, and did good service in that post. It is to be hoped that Mme. Nordica may be heard early next season, and in a programme which will give her scope for a wider range of execution and feeling.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the veteran tenor, gives the following hints to vocalists as to the treatment of their throats: "Sugar and water, or a little glycerine. I've relied when the throat is inclined to be dry; this applies to persons whose throats are affected by the weather. About a third of a teaspoonful of Condy's fluid in a tumbler of water, if used as a gargle every morning, will clear the throat and brace up the uvula, an organ which in some singers is so long that it interrupts the pure emission of the voice, introducing a grating undertone, while it also tends to make a tremolo on the upper notes." This explanation of the tremolo habit is suggestive, and may be of great service to many singers.

I do not vouch for the truth of the following story. Our men were storming a Boer entrenchment of some sort, when one of them made a hay-net charge at an individual Boer, who chanced to be one in authority. The latter, being obviously a man of discretion, called out: "Don't kill me; I'm a field cornet!" "If you were the whole bloody brass band," was the reply, "I'd have to have it."

Madame Nordica relates in the "Golden Penny" a sad experience she had when an accomplished talking parrot, owned by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The prima donna was at Sir Arthur's house at an afternoon reception. Conversation having turned upon Ivanhoe, the English opera which Sir Arthur had then just composed, Mme. Nordica remarked that she had not heard it, whereupon the parrot, who was just at her elbow, screamed shrilly: "That's a lie!"

The question of whether Handel is overrated in England, says "Musical Opinion," whether his influence and the immense vogue of his oratorios have had a beneficial effect on English music, is one which might be appropriately discussed at some length on the eve of the great triennial festival at the Crystal Palace. Sir John Stainer declared some ten years ago that the Englishman's excessive admiration of the so-called "divine Saxon" had had a most injurious effect on English music. Perhaps the statement erred on the side of exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that many native composers and much good music have suffered neglect in England through the dominating power of Handel and his oratorios. The British public, as a writer in the "Nonconformist Musical Journal" points out, is a public of at most six oratorios; and all the six, with two exceptions—The Creation and The Elijah—are Handel's. The public will not turn out to hear other oratorios. Choral societies, however, are not to be blamed if they keep to the works which are sure of drawing an audience. If Handel spells success, then Handel must have the leading place.

Speaking of the appearance of Miss Girdlestone, a pupil of Mr. Bradley, at St. Catharines, "The Star" of that place says: "Miss Frances Girdlestone, a pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, sang two very beautiful solos, 'Resurrexit,' by Tosti, and 'The Day is Ended,' by G. Bartlett. Her voice is wonderfully sympathetic and shows considerable training; and this lady's first appearance in St. Catharines should not be her last."

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist of Dundas Central Methodist Church, London, and late of Carlton Street Church in this city, has been much in demand during the past season as organ soloist. He has given successful

recitals in Berlin, Woodstock, Ingersoll, Strathroy, Norwich, Owen Sound, Chatham, and Cleveland, Ohio, in addition to a series of three in the Methodist Church, Sarnia, and seven in his own church.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Toronto Singers' Club it was unanimously agreed, in view of the great success of the club's concert, to continue its operations next season on the plans already laid down for its guidance. Negotiations have already been initiated with one of the world's greatest attractions for the club's concert next February, and a general meeting will be held soon to elect officers for the coming year, and to receive the details for the next season's campaign.

Speaking of the incapacity of the average American to enjoy himself in an innocent and intelligent manner, Carl Schurz, in a speech at the Milwaukee musical jubilee, said: "It is well known that the American born of English blood has, in spite of his remarkable capacity, industry and energy of character, failed to appreciate properly the value of harmless amusements. I do not now mean the sad-faced man who knows no other Sunday enjoyment than to take a stroll through a church-yard and read the inscriptions on the grave-stones. I mean the average American who daily occupies himself with useful employment and strives for refinement, and would gladly win for himself and his family the real enjoyments of life, if he only knew how. He who adds anything to mitigate the nervous haste and grim earnestness of the American life with the light and warmth of a harmless social cheer, confers a benefit upon the American people. And among these beneficent people the Germans stand in the front rank. More than any portion of the population the Germans have shown the native-born how he may enjoy himself with small things; how enjoyments that cost little or nothing may be of great value; how art and especially music improves and elevates social life; how one may take a liberal view of life and still remain an order-loving citizen. How this example has been followed, how it has in the past fifty years altered the tone of American life, how old prejudices have given way before a wholesome living, we elder ones can testify. And the citizens of Milwaukee may take it to their credit that whenever this free manner of living has been questioned, Milwaukee, more than any other city, has been an example in refutation. And of this you may be proud."

The announcement was made that the ten-cent opera at the Toronto Opera House had been abandoned, too late for me to publish it in last week's issue. The paragraph stating that the result of the experiment would be watched with much curiosity had then already gone to press, and could not be corrected.

A very successful recital was given on Thursday, the 10th inst., by Miss Emily Findlay, A.T.C.M., soprano, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn. The programme was of an exacting nature, serving to show the musicianly knowledge, temperament and training of this young lady, and included numbers by Haydn, Tschalkowski, Rossini, Bach-Gounod, and Saint-Saens, as well as a few old and modern gems. Miss Findlay has a round, bright voice of much sweetness, which she uses with discretion and good effect. She was particularly successful in her rendering of Tschalkowski's Farewell Ye Mountains, and the familiar old song, The Land of the Leal. Miss Emily Selway, contralto, sang with Miss Findlay in the duo from Semiramide, and Miss Lena Hayes, A.T.C.M., violinist, gave valuable assistance in the Ave Maria. Other numbers were contributed by advanced pupils of the piano and organ departments of the Conservatory of Music, and the concert was very much enjoyed by the large audience that filled the hall.

The New York "Evening Post" complains that what is needed in New York is a permanent conductor, and suggests that a guarantee fund of \$10,000 should be founded in order to secure one from Germany. Unless this is done, it says, orchestral concerts in New York will soon be in a bad way.

The concluding event of the musical season will be the production of the dramatic cantata, Torquil, at the Massey Hall on the 22nd inst. The composer, Mr. Harris, who is a Canadian, will personally direct the performance, and will have the co-operation of Mr. Torrington's chorus, the Boston festival orchestra and several solo singers of distinction. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Red Cross fund.

The Liszt scholarship, which is worth about \$1,500, is open to Canadians between fourteen and twenty years of age. It gives three years' tuition at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and two years' study on the Continent. The subjects of examination are either composition or piano playing. The trustees, in order to give candidates plenty of time to prepare themselves, have fixed the examination for September 21. Here is a chance for some ambitious student of the Conservatory of Music or the College of Music.

London "Truth" has been opening its columns to a discussion of the question of the low rate of remuneration obtained by church organists. A few weeks ago I gave some details showing the comparative salaries paid in Canada and the United States, and incidentally cited a few facts illustrating the miserable pittance paid organists in England. A correspondent of "Truth" takes a deliciously novel view of the matter, and I quote his words, as his contention is too good to be missed. He writes: "Churches are charitable institutions, from archbishop to beadle, and the organist must take his place in the crowd. Where much is required in return for little, it may be assumed that a congregation is rather swart, and the organ grinder gets a good connection, which pays him four-fold. If the parson, the worshipper, and the organ man were Christians, they would give their services gratis." The editor, in commenting upon the astonishing proposition that churches are charitable institutions, says that it is an altogether new definition of the Establishment, although the last century satirist's description of a parsonage as a "place in which charity begins at home," may not always be undeserved. As an instance of the competition for organists' positions, the fact is stated that in March last the berth of organist at Birmingham parish church became vacant, and although the salary is only \$500, there were 170 applicants. Among the candidates were twenty-four university graduates (eight Mus. Doc's and sixteen Mus. Bac's), besides a host of F.R.C.O.'s. "Truth" remarks: "That parsonage should be willing to bring up their children to a profession so hopelessly overstocked and miserably paid almost passes belief."

In answer to an enquirer, I believe that the "Messie" Strad, was purchased by Mr. Crawford, of Edinburgh, for \$10,000, and that Lady Halle's violin was purchased for her at a cost of \$2,500. Two other high-priced instruments are the Emperor Strad, formerly known as the Gillott, and the Betts Strad. All these violins are in perfect condition, and are perhaps the finest specimens of their maker's work.

A vocal recital which escaped attention at the time was that given at the Conservatory of Music on the 3rd inst. by Miss Emily Selway, contralto, a pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn. Miss Selway has a very agreeable voice of extended range, the upper register of which has much of the mezzo-soprano quality. Her gifts were shown to advantage in The Minstrel Boy and Halton's Enchantment, in which the high notes were delivered with great dramatic force. Mrs. Reburn has been fortunate in bringing out several excellent contraltos, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Black-Edmonds, Mrs. Milma Lund-Reburn, and Mrs. May Flower-Smith.

At the recent annual meeting of the Thursday Musical Club the following officers were elected for the year: Hon. President, Dr. Edward Fisher; President, Mrs. Fisher; Vice-president, Mrs. Maude Masson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Humfrey Anger; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Florence Hamilton; Treasurer, Miss Bessie Cowan; Executive Committee, the Misses Dallas, Gordon, Denzil, Myers, Hallworth, Christie, O'Brien, Mrs. Parker, and Messrs. Durand, Cook and Hodgson. The membership has now reached a total of two hundred. The club will resume its reunions in October. During the past season it has encouraged the performance of a large number of choice concerted compositions by its members.

Mr. W. F. Pickard, a talented pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, has accepted the appointment of organist and choir-master of Simcoe street Methodist church, Oshawa. CHERRYBINO.

## Fathers and Mothers.

The question has lately been under discussion in the literary press whether there have been "women humorists" worthy of the name. Apropos of a sweeping denial that there have been such, a woman writer of several humorous books, Miss Kate Sanborn, quotes two well-known authors to prove, as she maintains, that women have both wit and humor:

"Women have more humor than wit,"—John Boyle O'Reilly.  
"Women have more wit than humor,"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.  
She might have quoted a story of Gail Hamilton, says the "Youth's Companion," to prove that a woman may combine both wit and humor into a single deliverance. Gail Hamilton—Miss Dodge—was once at a banquet given in honor of the memory of the Pilgrim fathers. She was asked to speak, and in the course of her brief address she said:

"We hear a great deal about the Pilgrim fathers, but we do not hear much about the Pilgrim mothers. We are often reminded of the sufferings of the Pilgrim fathers, but we know that the Pilgrim mothers had to endure more than they did. The Pilgrim fathers had to endure hunger, cold, hardship, exile, and the dangers of attacks from the Indians. But the Pilgrim mothers, my friends, had to endure not only all these things, but they had to endure the Pilgrim fathers, too!"

## Salt as a Life Restorer.

A couple of late workers, says an exchange, had just despatched a small supper in a restaurant when a predatory fly, which had been swooping hungrily about the table, swooped up in a finger bowl. "Now, I charge," said one of the pair, "and I'll perform an interesting experiment. To begin with, I'm going to drown that fly." "Oh, don't kill him," exclaimed the other, touched by the same spirit of mercy that animated Uncle Toby; "take him out and let him go." "I'm only going to kill him temporarily," replied the first speaker, and picking up a silver of a match, he proceeded to force the unfortunate fly under water and hold him there, despite his frantic squirming. Presently the struggles of the insect became feebler, and at last the delicate legs ceased to flutter and were drawn convulsively against the body. To all appearance the fly was stone dead.

The experimenter lifted him out of the bowl and deposited him carefully upon the tablecloth. He turned him over and over with the silver of wood, but there were no signs of life. "Now comes the resuscitation," he said, and poured a heaping teaspoonful of salt over the inert insect, burying him from sight. "It will take some little time,"

he continued, "possibly ten minutes, but I feel certain enough of the result to wager the price of our supper that the fly comes to life." "I'll go you," said the other; "that fly is as dead as Caesar." Both pulled out their watches, and eight minutes had ticked away when there was a slight stir in the salt heap and out walked the fly, as good as ever. He preened himself briskly, shook his wings and soared off into space. "I can't explain it," said the man who tried the experiment, "but I have never known the thing to fail. It would have made no difference if I had submerged the fly half an hour; he would have come around just the same when buried in the salt."

## Life on a Farm.

As Told by One Who Has Undergone its Hardships.

Hard Work and Exposure to all Kinds of Weather Plays havoc with the strongest Constitution—Now Health May be Obtained.

While life as a farmer is one of considerable independence, it is very far from being one of ease. The very nature of the calling is one that exposes its followers to all sorts of weather, and it is perhaps not surprising that so many farmers suffer from chronic ailments. Mr. Thomas McAdam, of Donagh, P.E.I., is a fair example of this class. Mr. McAdam himself says: "I was always looked upon as one having a rugged constitution; but the hard work, coupled with the exposure incident to life on a farm, ultimately proved too much for me. About eighteen months ago I was attacked with pains in the small of the back and thighs. At first they were of an intermittent nature, and while they were extremely painful, would pass away after a day or two, and might not bother me again for weeks. As the attacks, after each interval, grew more and more severe, I became alarmed and consulted a doctor, who said the trouble was lumbago. His treatment would give temporary relief but nothing more, and ultimately I was almost a cripple. To walk, or even to move about in a chair, or turn in bed caused intense agony, and in going about I had to depend upon a cane. If I attempted to stoop or pick anything up the pain would be almost unbearable. This condition of affairs had its effect upon my whole system and for a man in the prime of life, my condition was deplorable. I think I had tried at least half a dozen remedies before I found relief and a cure, and this came to me through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which a friend urged me to try. I felt some relief before the first box was all gone, and by the time I had taken five boxes, I was as well and smart as ever, and although months have now passed I have not had any return of the trouble. My cure is entirely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the only regret I have is that I did not try them at the outset. Had I done so I would not only have been saved much suffering, but considerable money as well."

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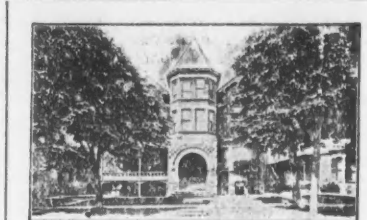
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At 3 p.m. Symphony Concert by  
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Conductor - EMIL MOLLENHAUER

At 8.15 p.m., first production of the dramatic  
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THE QUEEN'S PLATE will be run May 24, at 4.15.

Badge Stand Reserved Seats, at Gate No. 2,

\$1.50 each.

General Admission to Ring, \$1, at Gate No. 3.

AT LEAST SIX RACES EACH DAY.

A regimental band will play daily on the lawn.

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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. E. Edmund Starr, Montreal, is at the Rossin, much improved after a visit with her relatives in Whitby.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones sail today for a summer in Europe. Their voyage was postponed until Mr. Melvin Jones' health was better, and is now undertaken for the benefit of the younger lady, who has, since her serious accident while riding, not been in a satisfactory state of health. Her many friends, who have so much sympathized with her in her illness, and admired her patience and courage in making light of it, hope for the best results from a sea voyage and European health resorts.

The engagement was announced last week of Mr. William F. MacLaren, son of Colonel MacLaren of Hamilton, and Miss Alice Houston, daughter of Ven. Archdeacon Houston, of Niagara Falls.

Next week the Queen's Birthday celebration should be a record-breaker. Many will doubtless, weather permitting, take short trips away from town, but the military display will keep thousands in the city, and there are to be fireworks also (and why not a Tattoo?) at Hanlan's Point in the evening. Last Monday there was a meeting to arrange for the three regiments' review on 'Varsity lawn, and the G. G. B. G., 'dismounted. The Montreal D. of Y. R. C. Hussars, under Colonel McLean, will probably also be "in it." A "feu de joie" will be fired by the Toronto Field Battery at twelve o'clock, after which a march-past will be in order.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Fuller, third daughter of Mrs. Charles Fuller, of Dunbar Road, and grand-daughter of Professor Hirschfelder, and Mr. Walter P. Despard, of Binscarth Road, Rosedale. Miss Fuller is a beautiful and charming girl, recalling to old friends the graceful personality of her handsome mother, whom she is exceedingly like, and, as a happy fiancée of a very nice man, she is receiving plenty of good wishes from her friends.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Frederick Le Strange MacGachan, M. B. of C. Kingston, and Miss Gertrude Rose Kirkpatrick, eldest daughter of the late Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. J. K. Osborne, of Clover Hill, returned home this week. Mr. and Mrs. Notman, C. P. R., are at the

Queen's. Mrs. Dobell has returned to Ottawa after a few days' visit to Mrs. David Macpherson. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibb and Mr. Gordon Gibb are at Niagara Falls for a visit of some weeks. Provost Macklem has taken up his residence at Trinity College.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, have gone to Europe for two months. Mrs. and Miss Napier of London, Eng., are the guests of Mrs. Baldwin of Masquatch.

Several June weddings are on the tapis. That of Miss Georgie Crombie and Mr. Mortimer Bogart, now in Winnipeg, but formerly a popular society man here, takes place on the twelfth. Miss Maud Pearson and Mr. Gordon Guthrie Duncan are to be married on the sixth. Mr. Duncan is a brother of that clever woman, Mrs. Everard Conates. This marriage takes place in St. Peter's Church, at two o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson will give

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—"Excels any piano I have ever used." ALBANI.

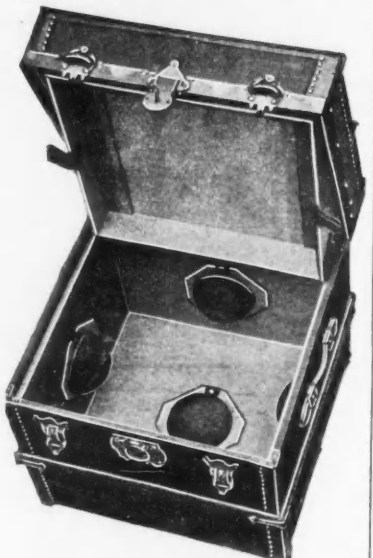
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TENDERS FOR COAL, 1900

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1900, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for London, Hamilton and Brockville Asylums and Central Prison, as noted.

**Asylum for Insane, Toronto.**  
Hard coal—1,000 tons, large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 150 tons nut size. Soft coal—450 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

**Asylum for Insane, London.**  
Hard coal—2,500 tons small egg size, 200 tons stove size, 20 tons chestnut size, 50 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—40 tons for grates. Of the 2,500 tons, 200 may not be required till January, 1901, also 50 tons egg size.

**Asylum for Insane, Kingston.**  
Hard coal—1,200 tons large egg size, 275 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 50 tons hard screenings, 50 tons soft screenings, 20 tons stove size (hard).

**Asylum for Insane, Hamilton.**  
Hard coal—2,500 tons small egg size, 245 tons stove size, 121 tons chestnut size, coal for grates, 41 tons; for pump house, 20 tons imported slack, 75 tons imported screenings. Of the above quantity, 2,125 tons may not be required until January and February, 1901.

**Asylum for Insane, Mimico.**  
Hard coal—1,500 tons large egg size, 120 tons stove size, 10 tons coal for grates, 30 tons nut size; for two stoves, 50 cords green hard wood.

**Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.**  
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 1,500 tons; 50 tons hard coal, stove size.

**Asylum for Insane, Brockville.**  
Hard coal—1,300 tons large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 24 tons small egg size, 50 tons chestnut size, 12 tons chestnut size, 11 tons No. 4 size; soft coal for grates, 1 tons.

**Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.**  
Hard coal—200 tons large egg size, 50 tons small egg size, 12 tons stove size, 11 tons No. 4 size; soft coal for grates, 1 tons.

**Institution for Blind, Brantford.**  
Hard coal—400 tons egg size, 175 tons stove size, 25 tons chestnut size.

**Reformatory for Boys, Penetang.**  
Forty tons egg size, 61 tons stove size, 15 tons nut size, 50 tons soft coal screenings. Delivered at institution dock.

**Reformatory, Toronto.**  
Soft coal screenings, 50 tons; stove coal, 120 tons.

Tenders are to specify the mine or mines from which the coal will be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also furnish satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name, fresh mined, and in every respect equal in quality to the standard grades of coal known to the trade.

Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$50, payable to the order of the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders may be obtained from the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON,  
Provincial Secretary,  
Parliament Buildings, Toronto,  
May 7, 1900.

## Social and Personal

Mrs. Willie Galbraith has gone to St. Catharines, and is a guest at the Welland House, where it is hoped she will soon be quite restored, after an illness of several months.

On Monday and Tuesday the Grand was well filled with very smart audiences to hear Mrs. Langtry, as the expression goes, "tell us the story of her past life," apparently an erratic career ended in her becoming a Duchess, which is a direct hit to ladies not to mind a few "spots," any more than did the stupid Duke of the play, a malicious and sometimes amusing caricature of the society hulk and its barnacles. Mrs. Langtry herself is a glaring excuse for its title, and the two or three hours spent in suffering late-comers and following the pointless career of the ladies and gentlemen in evening frocks and coats and various degrees of confusion as to where they were to locate themselves for the night, were enough to thoroughly tire anyone not satisfied to spend that time laughing at vulgar double entendre or admiring décolleté gowns and swagger wraps.

I see some smart woman in New York is being hauled into court by her dressmaker for refusing to pay the extortionate price charged for a replica of the white satin lace-encrusted ball gown which has sent some chiffon-worshippers into superlative round town. It may be that this short finish to the New York woman's desire to copy Langtry may bid her pause before she copies deeper than her gowns. To those of us who have seen the Jersey Lily in her first budding loveliness, some score or more of years ago, when Mr. Langtry was surprising the Prince of Wales by constituting himself a guest at the petit déjeuner to which His Royal Highness invited himself at the Lily's London house, when the Lily was yet unsmirched by London smuts, and little dreamed of the adventures in store for her; this play of "The Degenerates," this leading lady—pausing on the down grade—are the two most pathetic things of the end of the century in stageland. Not the Puritans, rather the blasé people of the world, who think a good deal deeper than they get credit for, were those who heard "The Degenerates," heard them and were hurt.

Miss Scott, of Cobourg, has been visiting friends in town. Upper Canada College held their annual athletic meeting yesterday afternoon at half-past two. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, will spend the summer on the Island. Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson have gone to the "Oasis," their Island home on the breakwater. Mr. Alex. Creelman is in town again, a welcome member of many a jolly circle. I hear Miss Beardsmore, of "Chudleigh," and Miss Louie Jones are to rusticate this summer in a quiet home near Scarborough. Long Branch residents are beginning to look over their homes in that quiet and most desirable reserve. A little family party spent last Sunday out there, the guests of Mrs. George MacDonald, who, I believe, will let her house for the season. The seclusion of the pretty spot and the charming weather, with a brilliant full moon for the homeward ride, gave a thoroughly delightful and healthful change to city people.

## Summer Pupils for the Stage.

Mr. George Heath, a Torontonian, who has returned for the summer from New York, where he has had a wide range of theatrical experience, is prepared to take a limited number of pupils in the dramatic art. See his advertisement elsewhere.

## Fairweather's

Milan and  
Manilla  
Straws



In Light Weight  
Ready-to-Wear  
Hats for Ladies.

A specially handsome, dressy lot of them in stock to day—in blacks and grays, crepe de chene, puggaree bands and large fancy wings—fine and light—ultra stylish—

3.50 to 7.50

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.,  
84 YONGE STREET.

## FOR THE O. J. C. MEETING

I am showing some very special designs—gentlemen's garments, which will be specially appropriate for Race Week in suits and other garments. I have made a special study of appropriate apparel and can suggest just the correct thing to wear. And I have a specially fine line of newest imported wools for making such. Highest class tailoring.

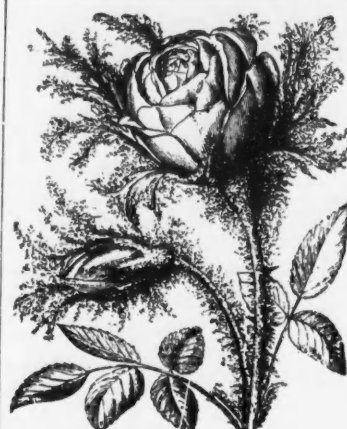
HENRY A. TAYLOR,  
Draper,  
THE ROBIN BLOCK.

# Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS NUTRIENT MEAT POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

**DOMINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO**  
Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)



## HARDY ROSES

A fine assortment of the best and hardiest varieties, such as we know will stand our Canadian winters. Fine strong 3-year-old plants, 30c each; \$3.00 per doz.

**BOSTON IVY** Fine well grown stock in strong 3-year-old plants at 50c. each; 2-year-old, 25c. each.

**SHRUBS, GRAPE VINES, CLEMATIS, Etc.**

**SWEET PEAS** Our best mixture is composed of the newest and very best of the large flowering varieties in cultivation. Price per lb., \$1; 1/4 lb., 30c.; oz., 15c.

**NASTURTIUMS** Our Rainbow Mixture is superb, and is bound to give satisfaction—per oz., 25c.

**Sow Queen City Lawn Grass** It's cheaper and better than sodding, and if sown now will soon make a fine green sward. Per lb., 25c.; large pkt., 10c.

**The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited**

GREENHOUSES:

1514 Queen St. East

RETAIL STORE:

130 and 132 King St. East

The National Cycle Automobile Co. Limited  
TORONTO

## The Standard Chainless

We have twelve chainless bicycles among the National wheels, and the Columbia Chainless is the standard.

The large gear wheel is always true. It is the hardest gearing to make in a chainless wheel. But in the Columbia Chainless it is of such a shape that in tempering it shrinks into its proper scientific form. And it is absolutely perpendicular to the crankshaft.

All parts are protected from dust. It needs no graphite. It is always clean.

HARRY H. LOVE, 191 Yonge St.

The National Cycle Automobile Co. Limited  
TORONTO

## It Runs Without Sound

You can ride the Monarch Chainless without feeling any pedal vibration from the gears. The gears may be separated or drawn closer together with the greatest ease. All the Monarch adjustments are made from the outside of the wheel.

The gear teeth are so scientifically cut that they run without sound. They are hardened, and will not wear out quickly. The Monarch Chainless is perfect.

Come in and see it.  
34 King St. West.

The National Cycle Automobile Co. Limited  
TORONTO

## Worth While

The XX. Century Bicycle contains the best possible construction obtainable in a wheel.

The price of \$45 is the lowest possible price at which such a wheel as the XX. Century may be sold.

The frame construction consists of re-inforced flush joints, finished in maroon, with all parts nickelled.

The local guarantee goes with the wheel. No better proof of its high grade could be found. Look at it. It is "worth while."

34 King St. West.

The National Cycle Automobile Co. Limited  
TORONTO

## "Pennants"

The Pennant wheels are sold at \$35 and \$40.

They are locally guaranteed. They have ball-retainers in all parts, flush joints, one-piece cranks, detachable sprockets, and the high grade construction found in good wheels.

The highest satisfaction may be obtained from Pennant models. We would like to show them to you.

34 King St. West.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

### Births

Davidson—May 10, Mrs. W. McC. Davidson, a son.  
Forster—May 14, Mrs. A. H. Forster, a son.  
Drummond—May 14, Mrs. H. A. Drummond, a son.  
Arbuthnot—May 5, Mrs. T. Arbuthnot, a daughter.  
Stephenson—May 12, Mrs. J. E. Stephenson, a son.  
Grayson-Smith—May 16, Mrs. James Grayson-Smith, a son.  
Acres—May 14, Mrs. Chas. R. Acres, a son.  
Bilby—May 11, Mrs. Wm. Bilby, a daughter.  
Hicken—May 5, Mrs. R. Hicken, a daughter.  
Eaton—May 9, Mrs. B. R. Eaton, a daughter.  
Martin—May 9, Mrs. A. Wesley Martin, a daughter.

### Marriages

McWilliams—Bell—Chas. R. McWilliams, of Boston, to Adah J. Bell.  
McCutcheon—Heath—Edward Barstow McCutcheon, to Emily M. Heath.  
McKerlie—Lennox—May 9, H. S. McKerlie of Vanessa, Ont., to Mary Lennox.  
McAuley—Fitzpatrick—April 30, Thomas McAuley of Brighton, Ont., to Johanna Fitzpatrick.

### Deaths

MacMullen—Charlotte Mary MacMullen, aged 21.  
Burns—May 11, Marcella Burns.  
Melvor—May 13, Mrs. Wm. Melvor, aged 38.  
Ibbotson—May 15, John Spito Ibbotson.  
McQuillan—Thomas McQuillan, aged 53.  
Toye—May 14, Charles Toye, aged 60.  
Saunders—May 9, William Charles Saunders, aged 9.  
Caldwell—May 12, Mrs. George Caldwell, aged 73.  
Watts—May 13, Catharine J. Watts, aged 62.  
Cameron—May 13, Elizabeth Cameron, aged 84.  
Smith—May 13, David Smith, aged 70.  
Hugo—May 12, Stephen Hugo, aged 84.  
Cross—May 16, Thomas Cross, aged 38.  
Montgomery—May 16, Mrs. Grace W. Montgomery, aged 91.  
Senecal—Monrovia, Cal., Mrs. Harry Senecal.  
Broomfield—May 15, Redolphus Henry Broomfield, aged 17.  
McGill—May 14, Mrs. Jane B. Fenton McGill.  
Cosby—May 12, Lieut.-Col. A. Morgan Cosby.  
Harte—May 12, Patrick Harte, aged 74.  
Colby—May 8, Detroit, Mich., Frederick James Colby, aged 21.  
McSloy—May 10, Mrs. Hugh Edward McSloy.  
Chard—Oakland, Cal., Mrs. Chas. Chard.  
Grove—May 9, Arthur Frederick Grove, aged 7 months.  
Ling—May 10, Muriel Irene Ling, aged 9 months.  
Alcock—Herbert Alcock, aged 50.  
Gooderham—May 10, Baby George Gooderham.  
James—May 9, Mrs. Alfred James.  
McCann—Mary McCann, aged 65.  
McDonnell—May 10, James McDonnell, aged 46.  
McGraw—May 10, Mrs. Fred McGraw, aged 30.  
Senior—May 10, Thomas Senior, aged 55.  
Gilkinson—May 10, Mrs. Wm. Gilkinson.  
Woodley—Mrs. Mary Ann Woodley.  
Counsell—May 10, St. Catharines, Mr. C. M. Counsell.

## J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer  
359 Yonge St. Telephone 679

**W. H. STONE**  
UNDERTAKER

Phone 939 343 Yonge street